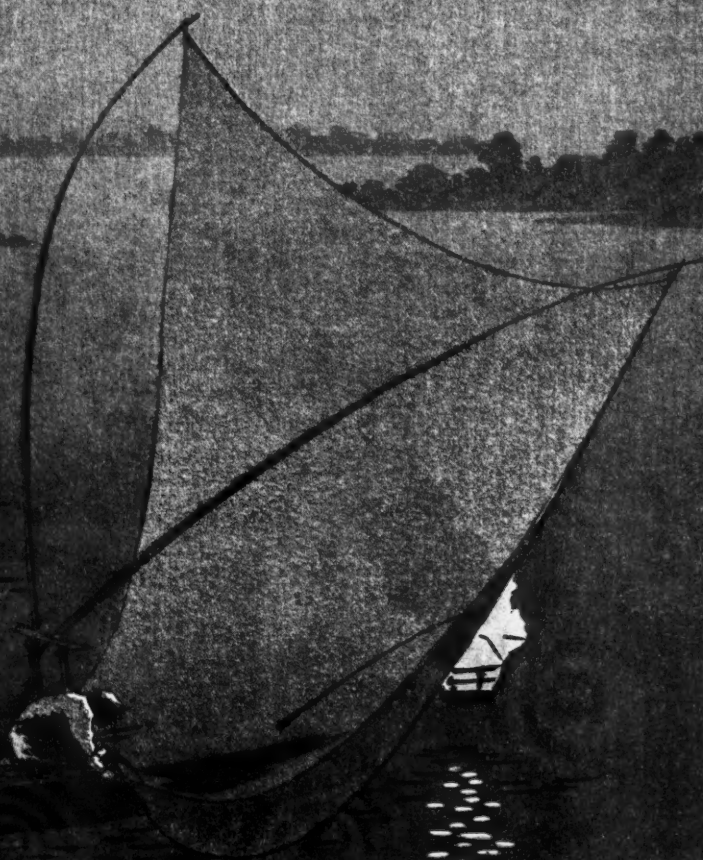


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University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio

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The Field Afar—the Magazine of Maryknoll

THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America

Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

Priests, students, and Auxiliary Brothers compose the Society.

Auxiliary Brothers participate as teachers, trained nurses, office assistants, and skilled workmen.

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Maryknoll Preparatory Colleges—These are at Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Los Altos, California.

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Seattle, Wash., at 1603 East Jefferson St.

Maryknoll Japanese Missions. At Los Angeles, Calif., Maryknoll

Fathers, 426 South Boyle Ave.; or Maryknoll Convent, 425 South Boyle Ave. At San Juan, Calif., Maryknoll Fathers, San Juan Bautista Mission. At Seattle, Wash., Maryknoll Convent, 507 Seventeenth Ave.

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For Bishop Walsh and Priests—Catholic Mission, Kongmoon, Kwangtung, China

For Msgr. Meyer and Priests—Catholic Mission, Wuchow, Kwangsi, China

For Msgr. Ford and Priests—Catholic Mission, Kaying, via Swatow, China

For Msgr. Lane and Priests—Catholic Mission, Fushun, Manchukuo

For Sisters of Manchukuo Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo

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Weather Permitting, Departure Ceremonies For Our Outgoing Missioners Are Held Outdoors In The Seminary Quadrangle, Before The Shrine Of Our Lady Of Maryknoll, Queen Of Apostles. Above, The Superior General Of Maryknoll, The Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. M., Presents The Mission Cross To The Society's 1935 Heralds Of Christ.



THE FIELD AFAR

JULY-AUGUST, 1935



Maryknoll Intones A "Te Deum"

ONE day in the early part of last May, Chinese bandits made away with one of our Maryknollers, Father Harry Bush, of Medford, Mass. Father Bush was born in Medford twenty-eight years ago, and while a student at Boston College High School got his call to cross the seas from the pages of *THE FIELD AFAR*—an experience, incidentally, shared by many now in the Maryknoll family. Ten years ago this autumn, in September, 1925, he entered the Maryknoll Preparatory College (the Vénard) at Clarks Summit, Pa., where he remained two years. After following courses of philosophy and theology for six years at Maryknoll, he was ordained priest in the seminary chapel by the late Bishop Dunn, on June 11, 1933.

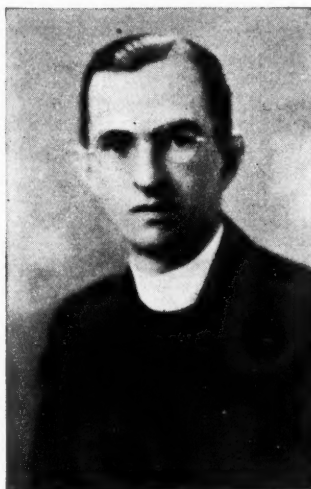
Some few weeks later he knelt before Our Lady of Maryknoll and received his mission crucifix, with the commission to preach Christ in the Far East. He sailed from Vancouver and soon found himself in Kaying, South China, under the watchful care of Monsignor Ford, who solicitously undertook to mould him for his life work.

Then came the assignment to *Shakchin*, not as a full-fledged pastor since he was still too new in the work, but as substitute for Father Patrick Malone, due to take his decennial year. Father Malone had found *Shakchin* a dangerous place at times, and on one occasion, in February, 1930, escaped from marauding Reds only by the clever ruse of disguising himself as a Chinese and mingling in the crowd.

But Father Bush was not to be so successful. On April 28th he set out from one of his villages, *Shih Cheng*, accompanied by his house-boy and a young student. By the afternoon he had reached

a town twelve miles distant, on the Kiangsi border.

This was the last heard from him that week, but no one felt concerned until the time set for his return had passed and he had not reappeared. A search began and we were in the dark as to what happened, since secrecy is needed in dealing with the bandits.



FATHER HARRY M. BUSH, M.M., OF MEDFORD, MASS., WHO WAS CAPTURED BY BANDITS IN THE MARYKNOLL KAYING FIELD OF SOUTH CHINA SHORTLY AFTER EASTER, AND NEWS OF WHOSE ESCAPE REACHED THE HOME KNOLL ON TRINITY SUNDAY, AT THE CLOSE OF ORDINATION CEREMONIES

AS we go to press a cable from Rome brings us the happy news that the Prefecture Apostolic of Kaying has been made a Vicariate, and that its present Prefect, Monsignor Francis X. Ford, has been named Bishop and Vicar Apostolic.

However, one very important item of news reached us. At the close of a Novena made to the Holy Ghost for the safety of Father Bush, a cable came from Monsignor Ford. It read: "REPORTED BUSH ESCAPED. WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN."

Meanwhile a letter arrived at Maryknoll from Father Burke, C.S.P., Secretary of the *National Catholic Welfare Conference*, who through the United States Secretary of State at Washington has been kept informed, and in turn has relayed many messages to Maryknoll. In this letter, dated June 7th, Father Burke wrote:

"The Maryknoll Mission at Kaying has reported to the American Consul at Swatow that it has received a letter purporting to come from the bandit who apparently is holding Father Bush and demanding ransom for his release. This information emanates from Monsignor Ford, head of the Mission at Kaying. He requests that no publicity be given to the matter of negotiations, especially with regard to ransom, since reports published in the press would be telegraphed to China, and would appear in the native press and be seen by the agent and have a very unfavorable result. Nothing has happened yet, but this is the very best news we have had, that the Mission is in touch with the bandit. First they must have definite proof that they are actually holding Father Bush, and that he is alive."

Evidences of kindly interest came to Maryknoll from many sections of the country. A crusade of prayer was started by the Seton High School of Cincinnati, which during the past year has sponsored Father Bush. This High School has five hundred young women, and we learn that the entire school went to Communion for their "Bandit Maryknoller". (God bless them all!)

O GOD OUR PROTECTOR, TURN THINE EYES TO US;



THE TEMPORARY CHAPEL AT THE HOME KNOLL IS AN UNUSUALLY SIMPLE SETTING FOR A PONTIFICAL MASS, BUT MARYKNOLL'S SUPERIOR GENERAL, THE MOST REV. JAMES ANTHONY WALSH, M.M., IS A MISSION PRELATE, AND MUST PROVIDE FOR TABERNACLES OF THE TRUE GOD IN PAGAN LANDS, ALONG A FAR-FLUNG MISSION TRAIL

Under date of May 9th, a letter came from Monsignor Ford, giving us more details about the capture. It read:

"On the 28th of April Father Bush left *Shakchin* to say Mass at a village ten miles away. After Mass next morning he left for *Shakchin*, accompanied by his servant and his two dogs. That was the last trace we have of him. On the 30th one dog came home, covered with mud and lacking his collar. Messengers have scouted the neighborhood for several miles nearby, but have been unable to find any news of Father Bush.

"We informed the Mayor and the General in charge of this region, and they have promised full cooperation. The American consul, Mr. Hinke, from Swatow was visiting us for several days when the news of Father Bush's disappearance reached Kaying, and he has said he would inform the State Department and get in touch with Canton officials. Father Hilbert, who knows the local officials at *Shakchin*, has been

sent there to follow developments.

"Happily, Father Bush has a good command of the language, is in excellent health and has a strong stomach that can stand prolonged rough fare; he is neither impulsive nor nervous and can be counted on to meet the situation calmly.

"I shall keep you informed of future details. Here we have ordered an *Oratio Imperata* 'Pro Captivis'. (SGD.) Francis X. Ford."

Hopeful news had come at the close of the Novena of Pentecost, but prayers to the Holy Ghost and to Our Blessed Mother were continued at Maryknoll houses, and on Trinity Sunday, just as the ordination ceremonies were closing, a welcome message arrived stating that Father Bush was liberated.

At this writing details of his release are lacking, but, as can be readily imagined, the good news

brought joy to all at Maryknoll and to Father Bush's many friends. A fervent *Te Deum* followed the announcement.

The 1935 Mission Band—

MARCHING orders once again. Each year since 1918 a band of Maryknoll missionaries has gone overseas. With this year's group our total in the field reaches 169.

The Departure Ceremony, held in the Seminary quadrangle, comes on the last Sunday in July. The function always possesses a simple beauty, which makes it memorable as a thing to witness. But there is a beauty which approaches the heights in the meaningfulness of the age-old command repeated to young levites of our day—"Go . . . preach the Gospel".

Here is the list of the seventeen who on July 28th will receive the commission in the name of the grand old Church to carry on the apostolic tradition:

To the Maryknoll Hong Kong Procure:

Rev. Patrick C. Toomey
(Waterbury, Conn.)

To Kongmoon, South China:

Rev. John F. Lima
(New Bedford, Mass.)

Rev. James F. Smith
(East Norwalk, Conn.)

To Kaying, South China:

Rev. James V. Manning
(Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.)

Rev. James P. McClarnon
(Philadelphia, Pa.)

To Wuchow, South China:

Rev. John M. McLoughlin
(Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.)

Rev. R. Russell Sprinkle
(Franklin, Ohio)

Rev. Lloyd I. Glass
(Cresco, Iowa)

To Fushun, Manchukuo:

Rev. Michael J. Henry
(Boston, Mass.)

Rev. Stanislaus T. Ziemba
(Buffalo, N. Y.)

Rev. George H. Flick
(Oswego, N. Y.)

To Peng Yang, Korea:

Rev. William A. Booth
(returning)

(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Rev. Joseph H. Cappel
(Norwood, Ohio)

To Japan:

Rev. Michael J. McKillop
(Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Rev. Clarence J. Witte
(Centerville, Ind.)

LOOK UPON THE FACE OF THY CHRIST WHO HATH

Rev. Bro. Clement Hansan
(St. Mary's, Kan.)

To Honolulu:

Rev. George C. Powers
(West Lynn, Mass.)

Sister Mary Frederick—

BOTH Maryknoll communities, that of the Seminary and that of the Sisters' Motherhouse, united on our God's Acre June eleventh to lower the mortal re-

The Field Afar for life, \$50.

fession was assigned in 1923 to train as a nurse at Providence Hospital, Seattle. Following her graduation she went overseas in 1927 to Manila, where she gave herself to the sick with unmeasured generosity until she herself became a victim, developing a tumor of the brain. She died June

Our sympathies to her family. She leaves behind her a sister of the blood, a member of the Maryknoll Community, Sister Marie de Lourdes, who is also a graduate nurse and who since 1923 has been stationed in South China and the Philippines.

And she leaves behind an almost legendary reputation for beauty of soul, both within her



MARYKNOLL'S ORDINATION CLASS OF 1935

Standing, first on the left, Fr. Russell Sprinkle, Franklin, O. (South China); Fr. James McClarnon, Philadelphia, Pa. (South China); Fr. James Smith, East Norwalk, Conn. (South China); Fr. Lloyd Glass, Cresco, Ia. (South China); Fr. Joseph Cappel, Norwood, O. (Korea); Fr. George Flick, Oswego, N. Y. (Manchukuo); Fr. Clarence Witte, Centerville, Ind. (Japan). Seated, first on the left, Fr. John Lima, New Bedford, Mass. (South China); Fr. Arthur Allié, Two Rivers, Wis. (Los Altos); Fr. James Manning, Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y. (South China); Fr. Stanislaus Ziemba, Buffalo, N. Y. (Manchukuo); Fr. Michael McKillop, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Japan); Fr. John McLoughlin, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y. (South China)

mains of Sister Frederick to their final resting place. We had the help of a beautiful spring sun and of the full complement of the singing birds in our woods for this closing ceremony in the career of one of our pioneer Maryknoll Sisters.

Sister Mary Frederick (Margaret Mary Bourguignon) was born in Brooklyn, in 1902, and thus dies at the age of 33. She entered Maryknoll in 1921, and after pro-

third, at Providence Hospital, Seattle, where she had trained, after an operation that proved unavailing.

GOOD health, reasonable talents, a virtuous life, a willingness to make sacrifices, and a strong attraction to mission life—these are clear indications of a foreign mission vocation.

community and outside. A physician whom she occasionally assisted in medical work wrote to her Mother General:

"Her very presence was an inspiration: gentle, patient, with a charming sense of humor—a child of God, a happy, self-sacrificing daughter of Maryknoll. I grieve with you and the community."

May she repose with the saints.

GIVEN HIMSELF FOR THE REDEMPTION OF ALL,

Our Luke Says "Kwaja Isso"

By Father James H. Ray, of New York City, Maryknoll missionary at Hiken, Korea



HERE are orphans and orphans, and there's Luke. Luke looked as if he was destined to be a hungry lad till Father Stephen (that's the pastor, Rev. Stephen Hannon, lately of the Bronx) took him under his wing. Now Luke's abode is with one of the Christian women in the village.

I was going to say his room rent and board mount up each month, which in truth they do, but after all you can't expect Luke not to eat and sleep. I think, though, I'll go into deep consultation with the pastor on a reduction of the room rent, for Luke is no more than two by nothing, as to size. However, I'm afraid our good Christian foster-mother might counter that Luke doesn't take up much room when it comes to stretching out on the floor for a night's rest, but *can* he eat! This argument would down me, I'm sure, for Luke, terrible to relate in one so young, is developing what is commonly known as a corporation.

We don't like to see Luke around us too much, for we want him to grow up to be a thoroughly Korean lad. On this score there has been no worry so far, for he usually only comes around to pay a visit when he's hungry or has some scandal to give out.

Let's take up this question of hunger. There's a knock at the door. You open it and don't see anybody, till you look down and there's Luke, all smiles. He comes in talking a mile a minute about nonessentials, and then all of a sudden he says, "*Kwaja isso?*" Now that doesn't mean anything to you, and it wasn't long ago that it didn't mean anything to me. But now Luke and I both know what

it means and it's this, "Are there any cookies around?"

I hate to stigmatize our Luke as a scandal carrier, but here are the facts. There's a knock on the door. This time you don't look out, but down, for you heard Luke a half



TWIN SMILES

Luke pays one of his visits to the rectory, and whether it has been the "Kwaja isso?" or the "scandal" bearing variety, Father Ray enjoys it thoroughly

a block away singing a song. He gives the usual solemn and pious salutation, but all of a sudden he says, "My mother's got a cold in her chest," or "The lady next door to us and her husband had a fight." I'm afraid Luke is getting incorrigible.

I am wondering if somebody would like to help us raise more of these "sticks of dynamite" like our one and only Luke. Or possibly they would prefer that we

send one over. The said parcel might get a bit hungry on the way, but I have no doubt that he would make up for lost time in short order, or should I say by a long order.

Anyway, if anybody is interested in our Luke, why just let us know.

Chips From The Byrning Log

READERS who have been on THE FIELD AFAR lists for some years will recognize in the following excerpts from a travel log a voice once eagerly awaited in broadcasts from Korea.

Yes, the "Ancient Missioner" in question is none other than the former Superior of Maryknoll-in-Korea, Father Patrick J. Byrne, who has now entered on his duties as Maryknoll "Number One" in Japan. Give him and his difficult pioneering a prayerful remembrance:

Through the Cimmerian mist we groped our way to McAllister Street, San Francisco, and there found warm welcome and wassail. After the smoke cleared away, they gave us Father Cummings' room, with its precious gas log. Other gas stoves there are in the old mansion, but, compared with his, weak and cheerless affairs. Never was the like of the one in Father C's room; that within ten minutes hath power to transform a den of dismal drear into a radiant salon of rejuvenating warmth. There's nary a tom-cat in creation but would cheerfully exchange eight of his nine lives for the privilege of basking in it.

"What's that queer noise?" calls up Brother Philip, alarmed. "'Tis only myself, purring," says I to him, says I, "I've just discovered your climate. The sun needs only to be lit."

"Tush!" says he, or words to that effect.

AND BRING ABOUT THAT FROM THE RISING OF THE SUN EVEN

The stateroom was well placed amidships; and comfortable, with a large window instead of a porthole; and with two beds, one for siestas and one for slumbers. On the wall was a small safe, bearing the somewhat cryptic inscription:

THIS SAFE IS FOR ARTICLES OF VALUE. IT IS BURGLAR-PROOF UNLESS BROKEN INTO

We meditated upon this awhile, but in the end concluded that it was the first and only honest advertisement of a safe that we had ever seen.

On a liner, 'tis usually the librarian who arranges for Mass, so we bent our steps bookwards. Sure enough, the steward had everything needed—a complete Mass kit, including four colors of vestments, fresh hosts, wine, clean linen . . . complete, indeed, except that the alb was missing. The steward was sympathetic and willing to provide the entire resources of the boat.

Our congregation the next, and every, morning was Japanese, six or seven. On Sundays a like number of Americans came, and some of the Filipino orchestra, who also supplied the sole remaining need by playing Gounod's *Ave Maria*. More than once, non-Christian Japanese came to the Mass on weekdays, and on two occasions a broker from Tokyo, a fervent Catholic, gave them a lengthy disquisition, after Mass, on the meaning of what they had seen, and the symbolism of the various articles used.

On the second day out, while proceeding at our usual rate of 15 knots, on a course approximately s. by s.w., the lookout, from the library, reported albs ahead. All hands rushed on deck. Sure enough, there they were, beautifully white in the afternoon sun. It seems they had gotten lost in the laundry.

We stopped a day in Honolulu, but the Captain had been there before and was anxious to carry on, so we pushed along with him the same evening. Honolulu is an ideal place for a month's vacation. After that I should imagine a body would simply lapse into a delicious coma and enjoy his duties of state in a hammock.

Strangely enough, the Maryknoll padres and Sisters there have done nothing

HAVE YOU MOVED?

IF so, write to the circulation department of *The Field Afar*, giving both your new and your old address.

This will avoid delay in delivery of your magazine.

ing of the sort. The busy little bee bees no busier than they, but where do they get all this pep, vim and vigor? It is evidently the spiritual drive of the tireless apostle, to whom heat or cold is merely an incident, and not an atmosphere.

As for me, I yawned my way slowly back to the boat, and stumbled up the long gangplank and listened in a misty dream to "*Alohe Oe*", as the Captain softly tiptoed out of the harbor.

There followed fourteen days and nights of decided ups and downs, for we were skirting the skirts of a long-lived typhoon, and what with wind and wave so furious at each other we got a ceaseless buffeting from both. There were even albatrosses up behind, a doz-

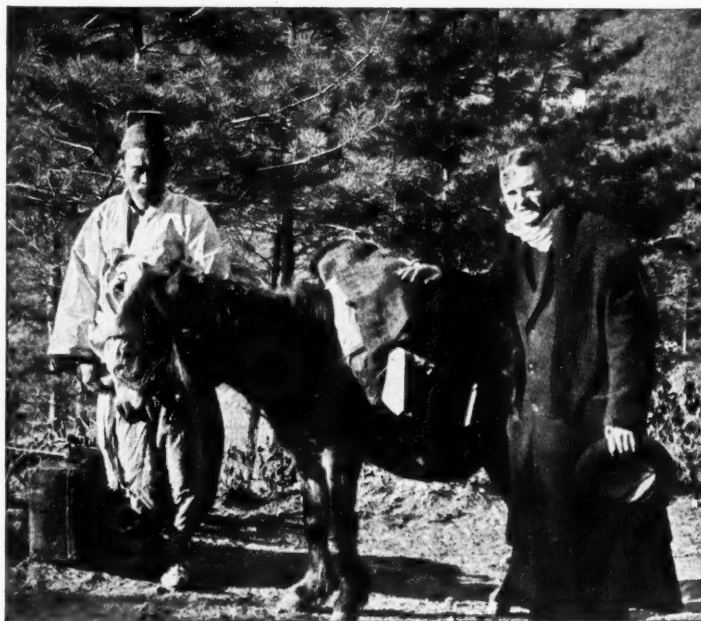
en of them, trying to scare the day-lights out of us. Could the Ancient Missioner take it? I'll tell the orbis terrarum! The good old engines of the *Taiyo Maru* never missed a turn, and the good old sea legs of the obedient padre responded faithfully to the dining room tocsin. One day we were alone in the salon. All the others had been satisfied with one dessert. Another true sign of the mission vocation.

The climax of it all came, of course, when the Captain and I steamed into Yokohama harbor on a beautiful Sunday morn. We had been up late the night before, washing socks (well, I can't vouch for the Captain), but even so both of us were on deck bright and early to see the Rising Sun in its own homeland.

Mischievous winds made a formal protest to our passing the breakwater, but soon tired of teasing and let us in.

The entire Maryknoll Mission was on the pier, and they made the coming into a coming home.

It is good for us to be here. Perhaps, someday, we shall make the tabernacles.



FOR A MISSION TRIP OVER THE MOUNTAINS FATHER RAY AND HIS CATECHIST MAKE USE OF SHANK'S MARE AND THE KOREAN "TWENTIETH CENTURY LIMITED". THE SHAGGY LITTLE PONEY IS HARDY, THOUGH HE WOULD HARDLY QUALIFY FOR A BEAUTY PRIZE

UNTO ITS SETTING, THY NAME BE MAGNIFIED AMONG THE GENTILES,

Along The Maryknoll Mission Trail



REPRESENTATIVES OF THREE CONTINENTS MEET AT PINGNAM IN THE MARYKNOLL WUCHOW FIELD, SOUTH CHINA

Doctors Fong, Wu, and Waldeyer (left) are Professors at a Shanghai University, and have been making, under a Chinese Governmental Commission, a study of the aboriginal Yau tribes of Kwangsi Province. Dr. Waldeyer, a German Catholic, has just been appointed to the Chair of Anthropology at Kiel University, Germany. To the right of Dr. Waldeyer are Fr. Thomas V. Kiernan, M.M., of Cortland, N. Y., Colonel W. T. Wong, Pingnam Magistrate, and Fr. Arthur F. Dempsey, M.M., of Peekskill, N. Y.

What China Is Proud of



ARYKNOLL'S Bishop James Edward Walsh, of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic of the Society's Kongmoon mission field in South

China, admires the natural virtues and sound philosophy of his Chinese flock. He relates, as a case in point, the following anecdote:

Every district in China is famous for something or somebody, and Sunwui is no exception. Besides producing the entire nation's supply of palm leaf fans and an orange renowned from Hanoi to Shanghai, it gave Wu Ting Fang to his

own country and ours, and it sent Liang Chi Chiao to Peking to become China's most famed modern author.

But attempts to flatter the Sunwui Chief of Police by reference to these local glories failed miserably. Pagan of pagans as he was, he smiled contemptuously at the idea of Sunwui priding itself on such mundane distinctions.

"Nothing to signify", he said scornfully. "These kinds of people grow on every bush. But we really had a great man once. Sunwui was the home of Chan Paak Sha!"

THE measure of fitness for the foreign mission vocation is the measure of generosity towards Christ.

"Indeed? What was he famous for?"

"Virtue. Doctrine. A sage. A holy man. His tablet is in the Temple of Sages at Peking. In China this is what we are proud of. Yes, Sunwui is a famous place. It produced a holy man."

Building the Church Militant

ALREADY Maryknoll leper work in South China is doing its bit in helping to build the Church Militant. Father Joseph Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., who with Father Francis Connors, of Peabody, Mass., has consecrated himself to this apostolate of mercy, writes:

Daily we see great possibilities here. A few pagans in the villages nearest

AND IN EVERY PLACE THERE SHALL BE SACRIFICED AND

our leper colonies have been converted and baptized. One of these converts had spent thirty years in the United States, where he was an itinerant preacher for some Protestant sect.

Near Pakkai a while ago sixty lepers were going to be thrown into the river by their fellow villagers. Our Bishop James Edward Walsh sent over some men to arrange for the transfer of the worst cases to our asylum, with the promise of accepting all as soon as the government gives us land.

As a result of this move we got our first opportunity to preach the doctrine in a group of villages that the Bishop has eyed longingly for years. At the present writing twenty catechumens have asked for instruction, some of them counting among the leaders in that locality.

Had we the right catechists we could establish contacts with a great number of the villages from which the lepers originate. We are training some of these indispensable co-workers.

A Red Scare in Kwangsi

MARYKNOLL missionaries at Pinglo, in the section of the South China Wuchow Mission, Kwangsi Province, most recently taken over from the Paris Foreign Mission Society, were just as glad a few months ago that they missed the opportunity of experiencing Red "hospitality". Father Joseph W. Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass., Pinglo's pastor, chronicles as follows the Red scare:

We received word from our Mission Superior, Monsignor Meyer, that the Government was making a drive on Reds in neighboring Provinces, and that the Reds, closely pursued by the government troops, were seeking a road across Kwangsi to the province of Kweichow. Monsignor Meyer had learned from the authorities that there was danger of the Reds coming through either to the east or southeast of our mission.

Two of our catechists came in from the mountains to tell us that our catechumenate there had been completely broken up. Many of the men had been drafted for the militia, and the others had been taken to construct a military

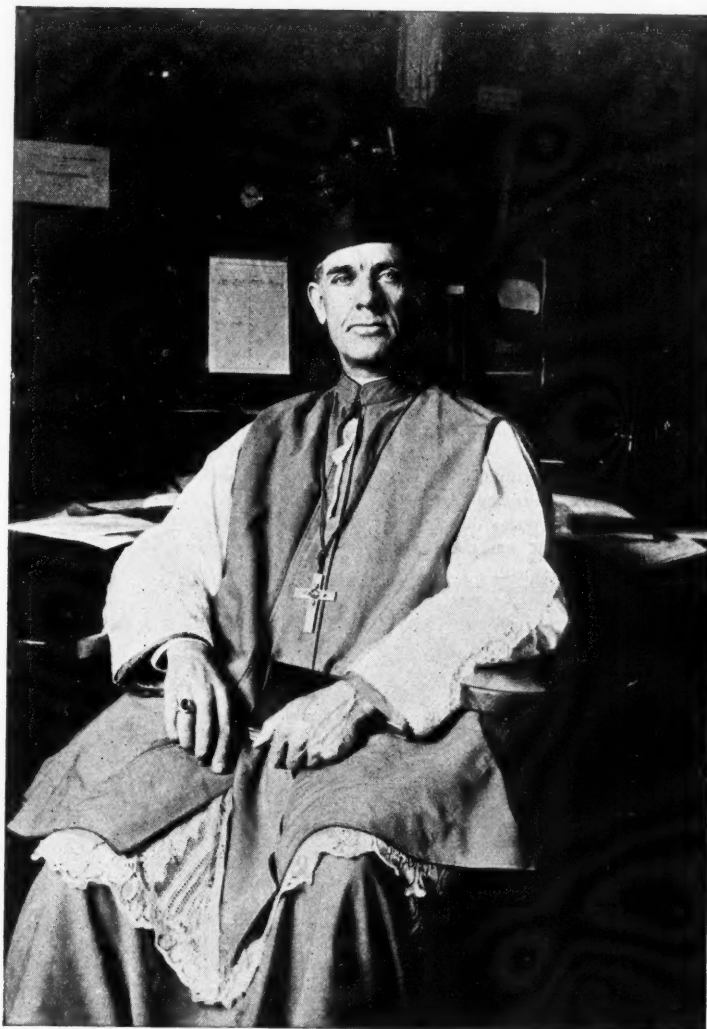
road to Lung Fu pass. The women and children were hiding their rice and corn, and no one had any time or desire to study the doctrine.

The next few days the bamboo wire-less brought us all sorts of rumors, the Reds had captured this city, so many soldiers had been killed in another place, and so forth. We heard so many contradictory stories that we began to think the Reds might be only a myth.

We had sent word to our Catholic families near the border of Hunan to let us know as soon as the Reds broke through. December would be a cold month to have one's self tied to a tree.

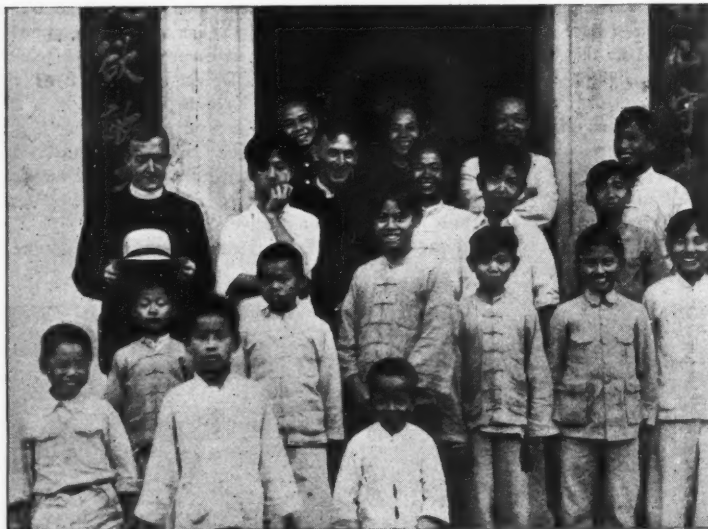
Things seemed to be getting a little serious. The Government issued orders to have the people destroy all their rice and corn, so that the invading army would have nothing to eat.

For several days, when we awoke in



THE RT. REV. MSGR. JOHN E. MORRIS, M.M., OF FALL RIVER, MASS., PREFECT APOSTOLIC OF THE MARYKNOLL PENG YANG MISSION, KOREA. MONSIGNOR MORRIS WRITES: "THE MAN WHO SHOT ME IN THIS POSE IS NOW MEDITATING ON THE PAST IN THE TRAPPIST MONASTERY AT HAKODATE, JAPAN"

OFFERED UP TO THEE A PURE OBLATION.



THESE BRIGHT FACED CHINESE YOUNGSTERS ARE STUDYING, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF FR. FREDERICK DONAGHY, M.M., OF NEW BEDFORD, MASS. (IN DOORWAY), TO ENTER THE PREPARATORY SEMINARY OF THE MARYKNOLL KAYING MISSION, SOUTH CHINA. FR. FRANCIS T. DONNELLY, M.M., OF LANSDOWNE, PA., A PROFESSOR AT THE KAYING SEMINARY, DISCOVERS A NOVEL AND SOLEMN LITTLE HAT RACK

the morning, we wondered if we would be forced to leave before evening. We slept with our running shoes under the pillow.

Every day the government airplanes scouted our hills. Airplanes are not a usual occurrence in our village. Only once before, and that was many years

ago, was one ever seen in this district. There is never much entertainment in a Chinese village, and to see airplanes every day was a never-to-be-forgotten treat. One of the local youths, who had been to Kweilin and who once knew a man who was an aviator, immediately became the idol of the village.



ON "MAIN STREET", AT THE MARYKNOLL GATE OF HEAVEN LEPER ASYLUM IN SOUTH CHINA, PATIENTS GATHER ROUND THEIR FRIEND, BENEFACTOR, AND NURSE, FATHER JOSEPH A. SWEENEY, M.M., OF NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

And then, after three weeks of excitement, we received word that the Reds had passed through the section north of us, and that the danger was over. We heard later the Kwangsi commander in chief put militia uniforms on his best soldiers, and regular army uniforms on the militia. The Reds were not afraid of militia, but feared the regular army. They did not attack where their spies saw the regular uniforms, though this was the weak part of the Kwangsi line. And, when they attacked the supposed militia, they received a warm reception. Over five thousand Reds were taken prisoners. I saw about a thousand of them as they were led away captives, and they did not look as though they would have been very genial hosts.

It took us two days to dig up all our buried treasures. The white ants had several good meals on our wooden boxes, but none of the supplies were spoiled.

And so, during these evenings, the villagers have much to talk about. We are thankful that the providence of God protected us, and led the Red invaders to pass by another road.

The Peng Yang "Kattoriku Ryoyosho"

MARYKNOLL-IN-KOREA has a young apostle, Father Leo Steinbach, of Chariton, Iowa, who has devoted his labors particularly to the care of the sick and the destitute. The following account of his work of mercy is gripping in its simplicity:

Our new work has the title of "Kattoriku Ryoyosho", or "Catholic Sanatorium". We now have forty-two patients. A while ago I moved from the brick house, bought some more beds, and converted it into a sanatorium for Japanese poor who are ill.

A Japanese lady of about thirty-five, one of Father Hunt's parishioners and a descendant of the old Christians of Nagasaki, has offered her services without salary. She has her hands full of work, so we are storming Heaven for another nurse. Of course, we can't pay a salary.

As regards the Koreans, we are still taking care of the blind, the lame, the crippled, and the insane. We have no

AND JESUS, SEEING THE MULTITUDES,

place for the women, but Father Ryang, the young Korean pastor in another section of Peng Yang, has become enthusiastic about our venture, and he provides for the women.

Our right arm at the mission is a Mr. Yamada, a man who was baptized about thirty years ago, but who for a time was living away from the Church. He is now a daily communicant, and in order to do penance for his sins he is working might and main in behalf of the sick.

A couple of weeks ago some one came to the mission and informed Mr. Yamada and me that a blind beggar had fallen on the roadside. We went to the spot at once and, as the blind man could not walk, we returned to the mission to improvise a stretcher. We discovered a six foot ladder and put a board on it. Many people observed the two strange creatures carrying the ladder down the center of the street, and hence we had quite an audience.

The blind man was still sitting in the center of the street, covered with mud from head to feet, and his hands were bleeding. Mr. Yamada and I lifted him onto the stretcher at once and were ready to return to the mission, when a Japanese University student and another Japanese man insisted that they would not permit me to carry one end of the stretcher. So I contented myself with walking alongside, to prevent the blind man from falling off. I hope that some day we may be able to afford better transportation for these unfortunate poor.

Followed by a large crowd we walked to the mission, where we made the blind beggar as comfortable as was possible. We put medicines on his wounds, and dressed him in clothes given by Mr. Yamada, who is a poor man himself. I have several Korean men who instruct these poor under our roof, so the blind man was at once initiated into the beauties of our Holy Religion.

I thought this blind man would recover, but I was wrong. He died suddenly a few days ago, but I was notified at once, and baptized him conditionally a few minutes later. I feel that the man was saved for eternal happiness.

The Japanese Benefactor of an American Hospital

THANKS to the generosity of a prominent Catholic Japanese, a member of the House of Peers, Mr. Katsutara Inabata, of Osaka, the Catholic Sisters of St. Paul's Hospital, Vancouver, have been blessed with a complete X-ray equipment.

Being taken with a serious illness while visiting Vancouver, some months ago, Mr. Inabata went for treatment to this hospi-



A PROMINENT CATHOLIC OF JAPAN, MR. KATSUTARA INABATA, OF OSAKA, A MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS, RECENTLY PRESENTED ST. PAUL'S HOSPITAL IN VANCOUVER WITH A COMPLETE X-RAY EQUIPMENT

tal. While a patient there, he learned from his Japanese physician that the hospital had none of the X-ray apparatus so essential to modern therapy. Realizing how serious was this need, Mr. Inabata decided to supply it, and accordingly, shortly after his return to Japan, he shipped to the Sisters seventeen cases of the very latest in X-ray equipment.

The gift was made in appreciation of the excellent treatment

given by the Japanese physicians, and as an expression of good will to the hospital. Accompanying it was a framed plaque, in Japanese and English, asking prayers for the prosperity of the Imperial Family and for the Japanese nation.

Quite recently, Mr. Inabata was honored by the Holy Father, receiving the Grand Cross of St. Sylvester, in recognition of his sterling Catholicity. Daily too will he be remembered in the grateful prayers of patients at St. Paul's.

Briefly Noted

BISHOP James Edward Walsh, Maryknoll's "Number One" in the Society's Kongmoon Mission field of South China, suggests a novel method of early Christmas shopping. He writes:

When the Loting Orphanage began the manufacture of Christmas cards, it selected a means of self-support that is so far from novel as to merit the appellation of trite, but where it showed its originality was in the price.

They cost one cent each with envelopes to match, and, instead of meaningless log fires and holly berries, they bring you a breath of the Orient that saw the First Christmas.

You can save money while spending it through the simple expedient of having your next year's cards made by the orphans of Loting.

According to statistics prepared by the *Committee on Friendly Relations among Foreign Students* there were 933 Chinese students in North America during the school year 1933-34.

The most popular courses among these Chinese students are engineering, medicine, business, pure and applied sciences and education.

Contacts with the Catholic Church in this country are rare among them, and as a consequence those who have embraced Christianity belong mostly to some Protestant sect.

HAD COMPASSION ON THEM:

Visiting A "Railroad Pastor"

By Msgr. Raymond A. Lane, M.M., of Lawrence, Mass., Prefect Apostolic of Maryknoll-in-Manchukuo



THE "ESCALANTE MANSION" AT CH'IAO T'OU, MANCHUKUO. ONE ROOM, TEN BY TWENTY, CONTAINS ALL OF HIS EFFECTS AND HIMSELF, PLUS HIS GUESTS WHEN THEY COME



H'IAO T'OU (Bridge-Head) is up and coming these days. A young missionary recently established himself there, and things began to hum. The town is not impressive for size, but the scenery is beautiful, the water fine, and the air a tonic. Mountains, river, and trees combine to make it a picturesque spot. One gets the delicious odor of burning pine branches which Willa Cather describes in, "*Death Comes to the Archbishop*". The color of the landscape is the usual monotonous brown, with a good splash of black and grey rock cropping out of the hills. The famous Manchu blue sky adds a little real color. Three thousand souls live peacefully at the foot of jagged moun-

tains, that plainly reveal an upward thrust, visual proof of a cataclysm that wrought havoc with Mother Earth from pole to pole.

The Christians Get a Thrill—

Father Escalante, whose forbears were pioneers from Spain to Mexico, settling in Yucatan, must carry a bit of the "*Conquistador*" urge in his blood, for a group of officials met us at the train when we arrived at seven P.M. Father Weis, pastor of Fushun, and I had enjoyed our ride third class.

To be escorted by a lantern bearer in these parts is no little sign of precedence. The officials insisted that this functionary walk in front of me. It

STRINGLESS GIFTS are the most welcome at Maryknoll. They leave us free to apply the help where the need is greatest.

gave the Christians a bit of a thrill. On the way we met a police official, a Manchu, who addressed me in Japanese. When I replied and continued in the same tongue (fortunately he did not go beyond my depth), I acquired much face, and the Christians experienced further spinal exhilaration. Finally we came to the doctrine hall, a rented house about 40 x 20, on the main street.

The Chamber of Commerce "Number-One" gave a speech of welcome. I replied, throwing in a few literary expressions—a hardship for most of us, and often as well for many of the officials. In most official receptions and conversations, after a preliminary bout in the language of the ancient masters, both parties are glad to get down to the main number in the good, old "*pai-hua*", or "*plain language*". It's like turning from Shakespeare to O. Henry; but Shakespeare was the O. Henry of his day, just as the old classical writers of China were popular in their time, and there's the rub.

The Escalante Mansion—

After the reception, we made our way to the Escalante Mansion, escorted again by the lamp bearer. Twenty by thirty, and a considerable contrast to the "*Villa Escalante*" in Yucatan, is Father Alonso's mansion. One room, ten by twenty, contains all of his effects and himself, plus his guests when they come.

One of the greatest blessings for a missionary, outside of sanctifying grace, is a sense of humor, and this the new pastor has developed to a most satisfying and saving degree. Hardly had we entered, and certainly before we were seated, we heard the pastor cry: "Jeeves!" From the kitchen came clear and crisp: "Yessir!" and "Jeeves" appeared with a smile, and received orders, to which was appended the command: "Scram!" Jeeves scrambled, and liked it. He thinks "Scram" is elegant, high-class language, and a compliment to the outfit. Father Escalante explained that he had a liking both for his cook and for the psychology of the individual dubbed "Jeeves" by Wodehouse; and that his frequent consultations with "Jeeves" on mission problems had netted him no little information.

BECAUSE THEY WERE DISTRESSED AND

A "Railroad Pastor"—

The *Castle Escalante* lies in a courtyard not far from the railroad that connects Mukden with Antung, Korea, Tokyo, and points south, and with Harbin, Manchouli, and European points west. Father Escalante is our first "railroad pastor", which by way of interpretation means that he will shuttle back and forth from Ch'iao T'ou north to Pensihu, or from Ch'iao T'ou south to Hsia-ma-t'ang, in his ministrations. At all of these points there are favorable developments. Off the railroad there are large groups as well. To visualize in some manner the vastness of Father Escalante's domain, and the nature of the territory, picture a priest at a point midway between New York and Albany, with no other companion along the line, and caring for a section some twenty to fifty miles on both sides of the line. It's a big job and a busy one.

Episcopal Quarters—

To get back to the villa. Like all native houses it boasts a "*k'ang*", or oven-bed. By placing a real bed on the "*k'ang*" the pastor claims that his ten footer is really three stories—the floor, the top of the "*k'ang*", and the top of the bed constituting the various living levels. I had the honor of sleeping on the third story, while my two companions slept on the second, or on the "*k'ang*" which, with the natural body heat, develops an astonishing degree of thermal units before morning.

The "Episcopal" quarters were de luxe indeed, though not reassuring at first sight. Beds are usually longer than "*k'angs*". My bed extended about a foot beyond the "*k'ang*", and was shored up in some way known only to the pastor and "Jeeves".

A Mission Chapel—

The following morning I said Mass in the small chapel across from our living quarters. It was ten by fifteen, with a north and a south "*k'ang*", both of which were filled with worshipers. This little chapel is primitive indeed. The emblem of the Holy Spirit, a white dove with gold thread embroidery, which I had brought with me from our Arts Department at Fushun, had been placed on the curtain above the crucifix. I feel sure that the "Com-

forter" prepared the hearts of a number of the pagans present for Father Escalante's ministry.

A distraction of the night before recurred in the morning. It was the ingenious lighting system of the chapel. The town has electric current, and that's a comfort, but the cost is not. Father Escalante has a hole in the wall between kitchen and chapel, with a bulb placed in such a way that both chapel and kitchen go fifty-fifty, so that the same light which enables the worshipers to read their prayerbooks of native



"HENRY" SERVES FATHER ESCALANTE AS ALTAR BOY AND CHURCH BELL. SINCE THE "MANSSION" BELL IS TOO SMALL TO BE HEARD AT ANY DISTANCE, "HENRY" CALLS THE CHRISTIANS OF CH'IAO T'OU FOR SPECIAL SERVICES. HIS FATHER IS PROVIDENTIALLY IN THE SHOE BUSINESS

hieroglyphics also helps the cook to peel the potatoes.

A Former Mandarin—

The morning was spent talking to a group of the town officials. One old gentleman, the former mandarin of the place, and well read in the native

classics, gave a demonstration of his method of apologetics. It was surprising. Here was a man of almost sixty, saturated with Confucius and Lao-Tze, declaiming in a most convincing way on Christian doctrine. He is not yet baptized, but his clear thinking gives him a remarkable grasp of the doctrine.

Gratitude—

After lunch we prepared to get away. The camera was produced as usual. A short visit to the preaching hall, a call at the home of our apologist friend, and we made for the station. As we passed the Chamber of Commerce headquarters I was surprised to find a line-up awaiting us. The previous day I had donated fifty local dollars to the Chamber, for the poor of the district. This was a part of the proceeds from two concerts given last fall by two Italian Salesian Fathers from Miyasaki, Japan. One, the Superior of the Mission, is rated the best organist in the Orient; the other was formerly with the Milan Opera Company. The concerts were given for the express purpose of helping the authorities in their social enterprises. The attendance, both at Dairen and Fushun, was excellent. The greeting at the Ch'iao T'ou Chamber was to express gratitude for the gift.

Pensihu—

We were again accompanied by the officials to the station, and even to the train platform, where they remained till the train left. We reached Pensihu at about four o'clock. It would take a Rocky Mountain goat to live at ease in this town. Located in a narrow valley, of semi-circular shape, the town rises on both hills, north and south. Houses are perched on a series of ledges up the cliffs. The principal industry is coal and iron mining, and smelting. The topography encourages the accumulation of coal and soot. Our own hired mission quarters are like the "crow's-nest" on a ship.

Well, we'll write about Pensihu later. Suffice it to say that Father Escalante has neither a house, nor a foot of land he can call his own, that is, the Church's—such are mission beginnings. He has a stout heart, and a ready smile, and that is his capital, plus, of course, the Providence of God.

LYING LIKE SHEEP THAT HAVE NO SHEPHERD.

Highlights of 1934-35 Maryknoll Movement



THE SOCIETY'S PROBATORIUM (NOVITIATE) AT BEDFORD, MASS., IS AN ATTRACTIVE UNIT COMPOSED OF REMODELED FARMHOUSE, BARN, COWSHED, AND HENHOUSE. IT IS BOTH TRIM AND HOMEY

THE past year of Maryknoll history has been marked by the following outstanding events:

June 29, 1934

Ordination to the priesthood at Kongmoon, South China, by Bishop James Edward Walsh, M.M., of Father Simon Lei for the Maryknoll Kongmoon field and of Father John Pei for the Maryknoll Kaying field.

July 29, 1934

Departure Ceremony at Maryknoll, N. Y., for the 1934 mission band.

July, 1934

Fr. James Keller, M.M., is requested to give temporary assistance at the National Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, New York.

August 30, 1934

Departure Ceremony for the Maryknoll Sisters' 1934 mission band.

September 15, 1934

Fr. George Haggerty, M.M., and Fr.

Edmond Ryan, M.M., are assigned to Maryknoll-in-Manchukuo.

September 22, 1934

The Maryknoll Superior General raises twelve of his seminarians to the diaconate.

October 3, 1934

At the Regina Coeli Cloister, Maryknoll, N. Y., after having passed the two years' period of probation, the first group of Maryknoll cloistered Sisters are finally enclosed.

November, 1934

Fr. John Considine, M.M., is recalled to the Center as an Assistant General after ten years of service as Maryknoll Procurator in Rome. He is succeeded in Rome by Fr. Edward McGurkin, M.M.

December 14, 1934

A decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide elevates the Maryknoll South China Wuchow mission

field to the rank of Prefecture Apostolic, and nominates as its first Prefect Monsignor Bernard F. Meyer, M.M., a member of the Society's pioneer 1918 mission band.

January 6, 1935

At the Maryknoll Sisters' Motherhouse nine take first vows, and eight are clothed with the habit of the Congregation.

January 23, 1935

Fr. Patrick Byrne, M.M., leaves the Maryknoll Center en route to Japan, there to take up his duties as Maryknoll Superior of a new mission field.

February 13, 1935

Death at Monrovia of a Maryknoll Sister, Sister Mary Teresita Wong, of Hong Kong.

February 16, 1935

A mission band of the Maryknoll Sisters leaves their Motherhouse for Shanghai, there to assume the direction of the women's section of a hospital for the mentally ill, founded by Mr. Lo Pa Hong.

February, 1935

Statistics for the past year compiled at the Center show a heartening increase in the number of adult conversions in the Society's five Asiatic mission fields, 35% more than during the previous year.

March, 1935

News reaches the Center that Fr. Frederick Dietz, M.M., has founded *Lumen Service*, a Catholic press service for China, as part of the work of the Synodal Commission, under the direction of the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Zanin.

May, 1935

In the Maryknoll Kaying field of South China Fr. Harry Bush, M.M., of Medford, Mass., is reported "missing".

June 3, 1935

Death at Seattle of a Maryknoll Sister, Sister Mary Frederick Bourguignon, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

June 16, 1935

At the Maryknoll Center ordination to the priesthood by the Maryknoll General of Fathers John M. McLoughlin, James V. Manning, Michael J. McKillop, Stanislaus T. Ziemba, R. Russell Sprinkle, John F. Lima, George H. Flick, Clarence J. Witte, Arthur F. Allié, James F. Smith, Lloyd I. Glass, Joseph H. Cappel, and James P. McClarnon.



LESS MAJESTIC THAN THE MOTHER KNOLL'S LORDLY HUDSON, BUT, IN ITS OWN WAY EQUALLY LOVELY, IS THE BEDFORD MARYKNOLL'S CONCORD RIVER

THEN SAITH HE TO HIS DISCIPLES:

June 30, 1935

At the Maryknoll Sisters' Mother-house eight take first vows, and fourteen are clothed with the habit of the Congregation.

July 28, 1935

Departure Ceremony at Maryknoll, N. Y., for the 1935 mission band.

Here and There

MARYKNOLL'S Father Caffrey is rejoicing in the success of the 1935 Pageant of San Juan Bautista. The picturesque old Mission, some seventy miles from San Francisco, was long forgotten. But Californians in recent years have become mission-conscious, and recognize in their chain of abandoned establishments from ancient Spanish days an instrument to bring glory to their State, while Catholics take growing pride in the prodigious achievements of the missionary friars.

Hence in organizing at San Juan Father Caffrey was the recipient of many kindnesses. Charles R. Boden, Esq., Chief Assistant Public Defender for the city of San Francisco and State Historian for the Native Sons of the Golden West, was author of an excellent dramatic piece; while Edward P. Murphy, Esq., San Francisco attorney, was Director. The little town of San Juan Bautista hummed on June 23, the date of the presentation; and men and women of the modern West Coast relived for a few hours the days when the Franciscan padres pioneered on American soil, much as young American missionaries are pioneering today in the Far East.

A student of Japan's mission problem said recently: "Catholics in Japan wish to persuade their fellow citizens that their Religion is from above, not from abroad; that love of fatherland, which includes devotion to its welfare and loyalty in its defense, is an essential part of Catholic Doctrine."

Most of the high authorities in Japan are aware of this. Certain-

ly, every Catholic missionary in the Japanese Empire is putting forward his best efforts to make Catholicism indigenous, of the soil.

A zealous missionary in North Carolina asks us to help him to secure old copies of the *Sacred Heart Messenger* to distribute as reading matter among the colored. He can use as many as a thousand. His address is: Rev. Charles

A SPECIAL OFFER

"This biography is of special interest, partly because of the readable form in which Miss Gilmore has adapted it from the French. Blessed Chanel is vividly presented in his gentleness, his love for his persecutors, his sublime though quiet heroism in life and in death."

—The Magnificat

(See page 228)

FOR MARYKNOLL ASPIRANTS

House of Theology, Ossining, N. Y. The *Course of Theology* calls for the completion of Philosophy and one year's residence at the Probatorium of the Society.

The Probatorium, at Bedford, Mass., follows upon two years of Philosophy studies, made either at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., or elsewhere.

The Philosophy Course calls for the equivalent of six years of Latin, i. e., four years of High School and two of College.

Preparatory Schools. These are at Clarks Summit, Pa., Mt. Washington, Cincinnati, O., and Los Altos, Calif.

They are open only to youths who have had two years of High School and whose marks are satisfactory.

Other Requirements are:

- (a) Proper recommendations from pastor and school; certificates of Baptism, Confirmation and parents' marriage; assurance of health by a physician.
- (b) A zeal for souls; generosity; the spirit of sacrifice and prayer; special attraction for foreign missions; adaptability; perseverance in study and at least average talent.

For terms and further information, address:

THE MOST REV. SUPERIOR GENERAL
MARYKNOLL : : : : NEW YORK

J. Gable, Box 438, Greenville, N.C.

To an unknown friend we acknowledge here the receipt of a letter requesting to have said a Novena in honor of the "Queen of the Most Holy Rosary", and three Masses for the most abandoned souls in Purgatory.

If we rarely ask for articles in kind it is not because we are well supplied. Rather it is because we hardly know what among many needs to mention; and, perhaps, because we fear to draw useless articles that are expensive to ship and bulky to store.

But we would like a few good rugs, one especially for the corridor at our Chapel entrance, so that the Chapel itself can be kept in better condition.

THE HARVEST INDEED IS GREAT, BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW.

THE FIELD AFAR

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with all subscriptions.)*

**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



GENTLEMEN of the press drop in on us occasionally and catch a glimpse of the quaint kiosk in our cloister and of the pagan temple bell, now converted to Christianity, hanging nearby on its rustic frame. Their nose for news tells them that this setting has "pulling power"; hence they are all attention when we mention the annual ceremony at which a group of young priests from many parts of the country get their commissions from the Catholic Church to teach the doctrines of Jesus Christ in pagan lands.

And as this year's Midsummer Number goes to the printer we find the press very much on the alert. Men with movie cameras and special writers skilled in playing with picture-painting words have requested the privilege of witnessing the little spiritual drama scheduled for July 28th, which in a humble way reenacts the scene of Mount Olivet—"Going, therefore, teach ye all nations." Christ Himself gave the command on Olivet while, in the centuries since, a representative

of Christ has taken His place in the imparting of the divine mandate. Before an altar set against the green countryside, with a simple but beautiful pageantry, young men of America will receive the same commission given to St. Paul, to St. Patrick, to St. Boniface, to St. Francis Xavier, and will say good-bye to the skyscrapers just over the horizon to go overseas with their message.

Not even the non-Catholics among the newsmen will miss the note of sublimity in this linking up of dedicated lives with the first Twelve on the hill outside Jerusalem.

**We adore Thee, O Christ,
and we bless Thee, because
by Thy holy Cross Thou hast
redeemed the world.**

THE biennial convention of the *Catholic Students' Mission Crusade* has become a notable event among the mission activities of Catholics in the United States. This year the delegates from throughout the country will congregate at Dubuque, Iowa, from August 6th to 9th.

Such gatherings are profitable in many ways. They draw attention to the mission cause, they clarify ideas, they stir zeal, they provide opportunity for an examination of the world mission task and of the means employed toward its accomplishment.

Some of us are tempted to look askance at the efforts of students. True, sometimes enthusiasm gets the better of good sense. But

many times in history the students of the higher grades have proven a remarkably influential force either for evil or for good. A large number of political movements in modern times have been decided by students, whether well or poorly we cannot say.

Students are young men and young women in the so-called years of decision. They have the freshness of outlook of people who are looking and thinking for the first time; they have the vigor of people who thus far have not failed.

We see great possibilities in the students for the future of the mission movement in the United States. From their ranks will come tomorrow's leaders, both among the clergy and the laity, and thousands among them will all their lives remain convinced workers for the conversion of the world because of this experience with the *Catholic Students' Mission Crusade*.

**God our Savior, Who will
have all men to be saved, and to
come to the knowledge of the
Truth.**

ALADY wrote recently, "My home is in California, but I learned of Maryknoll from a gentleman I met while vacationing in Florida." Who the gentleman was is a secret written in the Book of Life, but he had the right idea. Have you ever figured out the philosophy behind vacation "contacting" of this sort?

Many Catholics who fulfill faithfully their parish and diocesan obligations have no connection with the larger world of the Church. They are not given to reading Catholic magazines of thought, much less to studying the Church's general organization.

Vacation brings them into wider spheres than those of their home city, and they come to think more consciously in terms of the whole country and even of the world at large.

TWO TITLES FOR YOUR WILL

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Incorporated.**

**Foreign Mission Sisters of
St. Dominic, Incorporated.**

Give both to your lawyer.

PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST,

The person, then, who at this juncture tries putting the bee in their bonnet to be Church-wide and hence world-wide in their religious interests often finds them peculiarly well prepared.

Keep in mind the idea of saying in conversation, "*Have you ever heard of Maryknoll? Are you acquainted with the American mission movement?*"

But there's any amount of excellent work to be done by the missionary—teaching, preaching, baptizing—if only we can keep his body and soul from divorce. It really doesn't seem to cost so much, *only one dollar a day*, but, when that one is multiplied by the 170 Maryknoll missionaries in the Orient, it amounts to a sum that is either decidedly respectable, or ab-

who would prove their love of Christ by helping to win for Him souls now pagan.

MILL HILL, near London, is the headquarters of the Foreign Mission Society founded by Cardinal Vaughan.

Mill Hill and Maryknoll have had fraternal relations for many years, and Father Henry, the late



AND HE SAID TO THEM: THE HARVEST INDEED IS GREAT, BUT THE LABORERS ARE FEW. PRAY YE THEREFORE THE LORD OF THE HARVEST, THAT HE SEND LABORERS INTO HIS HARVEST.—ST. LUKE 10, 2

THOUSAND dollar chapels "don't grow on every bush". But, these days, they're not expected to. The missionary can get along without a thousand dollar chapel, but he can't manage very well without bread-n-butter, or, if you prefer, rice.

Materially speaking, these are days when the missionary must "mark time", and be content with a mud-walled chapel, or a leaky schoolhouse. Everyone understands that.

solutely terrifying—according as to whether we have it, or have it not.

We can easily postpone the memorial chapels, but we can't put off our quest for *Sponsors* to support a missionary for one day, for five, or a week, or a month; perhaps (whisper it faintly, yet hopefully!), for a whole year.

It is not a "spectacular" way of contributing to the mission cause, but it is a most necessary and a most effective apostolate for those

Superior General of Mill Hill, was one of the first to urge the foundation of Maryknoll.

It is gratifying to learn that Mill Hill is adding another unit to its list of houses—this latest a college to be erected in the Glasgow Archdiocese, Scotland.

Mill Hill, founded in 1866, today has branches at Freshfield, Liverpool; Burn Hall, Durham; and Freshford, Co. Kilkenny, Ireland, besides five colleges on the European continent.

THAT HE SEND FORTH LABORERS INTO HIS HARVEST.

Local Christian Art in Missions

By the Rev. John J. Connelley, M.A.



A KOREAN ARTIST HEWS OUT A LIKENESS OF CHRIST. HE HAS BEEN TRAINED BY GERMAN BENEDICTINES AT WORK IN THE PENINSULA



NE swallow does not make summer, nor does one artist make a school. We begin thus in order to avoid any danger of exaggerating the importance of our subject. Compared with the vast proportions of the mission world, the amount of existing local Christian art is relatively small, and, except in a few cases, as yet is not outstanding from

the viewpoint of quality. It is the idea which is great. It is the dream of tomorrow rather than the spectacle of today which awakens enthusiasm.

For local Christian art is but one phase of the great principle of adaptation. On the application of this principle, many missionaries believe, depends the penetration of Christianity into the civilizations of Asia. The Church has not yet entered into the life of China, of Japan, of India, and of other coun-

tries of the Asiatic continent. We have a few million followers on the margin of these peoples, approximately 15,000,000 out of a total of a billion, or fifteen out of every thousand—a small though promising nucleus. But the penetration of the cultures of these lands with the Christian idea has not yet advanced very far.

One means to promote this penetration, missionaries believe, is by conforming the outer apparel of Christianity to local style, by adopting the art, architecture, music, and such accidentals as the names and minor social customs found on the spot. For thus they feel that Christianity will be at home all over the earth.

Voices have been raised against this idea. Some few missionaries sincerely feel that the several standard styles of ecclesiastical architecture as found in the Western world, regardless of their ancient origin, have become so coupled with Christianity that they should travel with it everywhere, much as does the Latin language, as an instrument for world unity. Others feel that if there is to be any change it should be almost imperceptibly gradual, entirely natural and never forced, a growth to come in the course of future centuries when Asiatic Catholics, thoroughly impregnated with Christianity, will slowly adapt its outer forms to local tastes.

The Sanction of History—

Those who hold for rapid adaptation in art and architecture feel that history favors their thesis. They point out that the early Christians did not employ a style foreign to Rome in building their houses of prayer. In some cases they merely took over the pagan temples, performed a ceremony of purification, and introduced the worship of the True God. A famous instance of this is the Pantheon, pagan Rome's temple for the cult of all the gods, which Pope Boniface IV in the seventh century purified and dedicated to Our Lady and all the Martyrs, bringing thence wagon loads of precious relics from the catacombs.

When new constructions were made, the pagan building bearing the Greek name *basilike* was chosen, whence our present-day basilica. This was an edi-

ssian Lands, a Dream of Tomorrow

by J. C. M., of New Bedford, Mass.

fice used for great civil gatherings as well as for pagan religious purposes, which was taken over with practically no change. The great cathedral of St. Paul's in Rome, for instance, has much the same flat roof, the same pillars of classical style, the same marble floor, the same mosaics on the walls, and the same general dimensions as are to be found in such works as Vitruvius' *"De Architectura"*.

Other styles grew up in the course of the ages as the Church spread to other lands, these representing sometimes an adaptation of existing types, such as the Byzantine structures of the East, others being new developments as in the case of the Gothic which in each country took on local characteristics. Most important is the fact it was never the general practice to impose any style from another civilization.

In this regard Pope St. Gregory the Great's words to St. Augustine whom he sent to convert England are classical: "You must not destroy the pagan temples, but only the idols. In these very temples, purified by holy water, erect the altars and place the relics of the saints, so that the people may more easily be converted to God, and that they may with greater piety come to their usual places to pray."

This is what was done in a number of cases when the Moslems were driven from Spain. The Churches of St. Sebastian and of *El Cristo de La Cruz* once were mosques, and the famous mosque of Cordova is now used as a cathedral.

Early Instructions to Missioners—

Evidence that the Church desired this method to continue is found in early instructions of the *Sacred Congregation of Propaganda*. In 1659 it wrote as follows to the missioners of China: "Do not in any way advise your Christians to change their customs and practices if they are not openly opposed to our religion and morals. It would be a very absurd thing indeed to introduce France, Spain, or Italy, or any other nation whatsoever, this way into China. Do not apply your efforts to the importation of such things, but solely of our Faith. The Church never opposes the usages and customs of any nation if



MR. HIROSHI MISAWA, A YOUNG NON-CATHOLIC JAPANESE, IS THE SCULPTOR OF THIS LOVELY STATUE OF OUR LADY

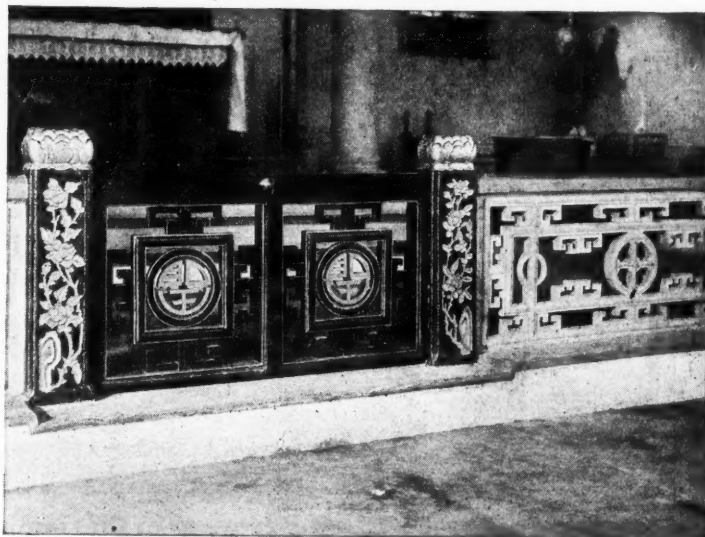
they are not bad in themselves; on the contrary she wishes to protect them and keep them unchanged."

Churches of China—

Despite these instructions, however, the China missioners got away from the spirit of adaptation in the case of Church architecture, so much so that Archbishop Costantini could say in 1923: "From Canton to Peking, and in all the more important cities of China, the churches possess a distinct neo-Gothic or neo-Romanic character, and in rare instances the style is purely classical; all of them are more or less based on occidental models. Only in some of the villages of the interior, either financial needs or the popular spirit of simplicity have led to the use of an old pagoda or to constructing a small church in Chinese style. But even in these villages, if the Christians are not oppressed by financial difficulties, there is an inclination to build the churches after the occidental type of the big cities; as if they were not able to build a beautiful and artistic church except in the Roman or Gothic style. Therefore let us ask ourselves this question: 'Shall we continue in this way?' I answer: 'No.'"

Archbishop Costantini—

And in taking his stand, His Excellency Archbishop Celso Costantini, from



THIS ALTAR RAIL AT THE MARYKNOLL SIAOLOK MISSION, SOUTH CHINA, IS PROOF THAT, "CHINESE ART CAN VERY SATISFACTORILY BE ADAPTED TO THE NEEDS OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP"

1922 to 1933 Apostolic Delegate to China, became the foremost modern exponent of rapid adaptation in the mission world, particularly in matters of art and architecture.

The above quotation from him is part of the now celebrated letter addressed by His Excellency to Bishop James E. Walsh, of the Maryknoll Missioners of Kongmoon, and Bishop Galvin, of the St. Columban's Missioners of Hanyang. These two bishops had written him, one independently of the other, mentioning their desire to build in Chinese style, and he replied heartily encouraging them. He concluded his letter by setting forth four observations: 1—*Western art in China is an error of style*; 2—*The importation of foreign religious architecture into China involves a mission method which produces much harm, since as a conse-*

quence Christianity is looked upon as foreign; 3—*The tradition of the primitive Church teaches us to adopt the style we find on the spot*; 4—*Chinese art can very satisfactorily be adapted to the needs of Catholic worship.*

During the following decade His Excellency gave himself actively to promoting this cause. He possessed the important advantage of a deep knowledge of art and long experience in artistic circles as a young priest, having been the founder of the Italian Catholic art magazine, "*Arte Cristiana*". As Apostolic Delegate he was in a position to actuate the program which he laid down.

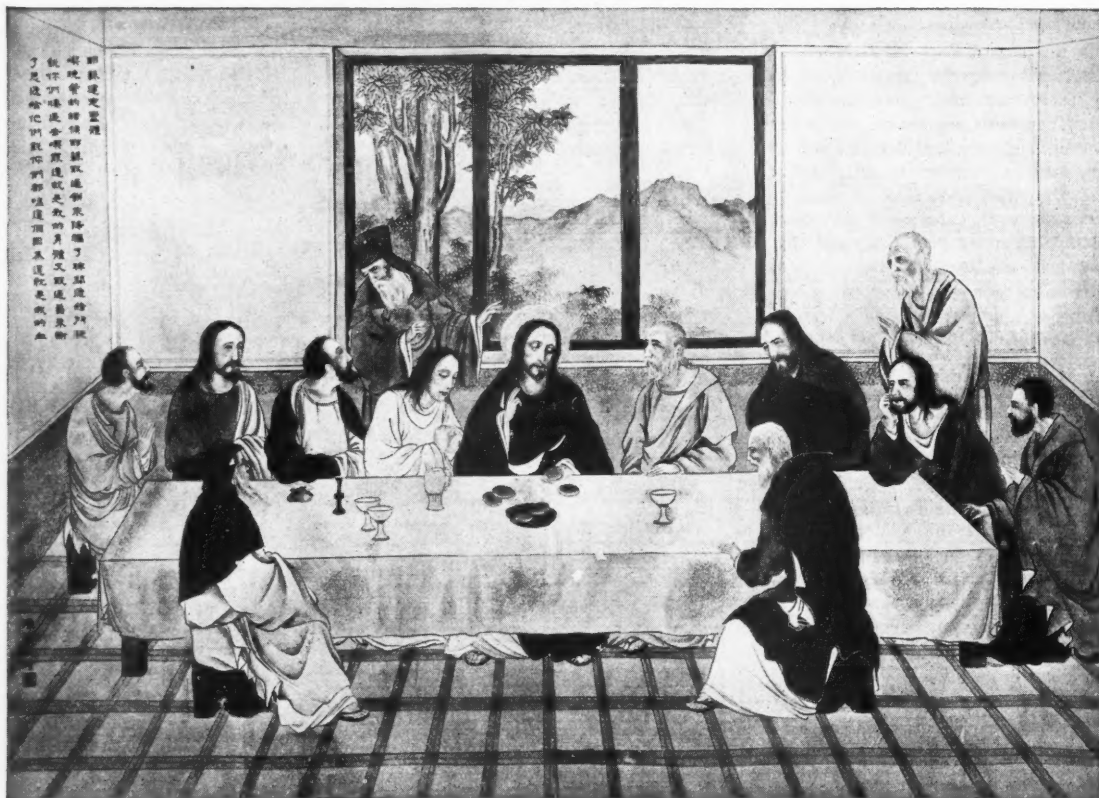
Dom Adelbert Gresnigt—

In 1926 with the consent of *Propaganda* he called to China Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, an able Benedictine artist and

architect, and gave him the task of studying the problem of adaptation. Dom Gresnigt successfully prepared plans for the new building of the Catholic University of Peking, for the Regional Seminaries of Hong Kong and Kaifeng, and for the Seminary of the Chinese Congregation of the Disciples of the Lord at Suanhwafu. These today are outstanding models of the idea. Dom Gresnigt likewise prepared numerous designs of chapels, altars, and ecclesiastical furnishings, all in Chinese style.

Luke Ch'en—

His Excellency likewise succeeded in interesting in his ideas a well-known Chinese artist of Peking, who later became a Catholic, Mr. Luke Ch'en. Mr. Ch'en's work probably merits our most unqualified praise since, accepted by



THIS LAST SUPPER, WHICH HANGS IN THE REFECTORY OF THE APOSTOLIC DELEGATION AT PEKING, IS THE WORK OF LUKE CH'EN, A TALENTED CHINESE ARTIST WHO WAS CONVERTED TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH WHILE RENDERING CHRISTIAN SUBJECTS IN THE CHINESE STYLE FOR ARCHBISHOP COSTANTINI

MY BELOVED TO ME AND I TO HIM. I FOUND HIM

Chinese both pagan and Christian as extremely able, we can feel certain that he has succeeded in interpreting the Christian ideas in high quality Chinese style.

This is an extremely important point. Other very creditable attempts at architectural adaptation have been made in China, and all have their value. Nevertheless we recognize the difficulties which all such attempts face. We know what skill is required of an architect of the Western world to design a church along accepted lines, with the wealth of examples which centuries of construction provide for him. What a task it must be for architects in a mission land, with no such background. Either they are foreigners who know Christian art well, but who are at a heavy disadvantage so far as intimacy with the soul of Oriental art is concerned, or they are Chinese who through relatively brief and limited contacts with Christianity cannot be certain that they possess its rich traditions. Adaptation requires the possession of both these elements—the Christian religious heritage, and the Oriental artistic heritage.

The Approval of the Holy See—

The Holy See recognizes fully the importance of Archbishop Costantini's efforts. A special number of the *Digest of the Synodal Commission of Peking* in 1932 was devoted to Chinese Christian art, and called forth an important letter from Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of Propaganda, countersigned by Archbishop Salotti, the Secretary (July 15, 1932, N. 2546/32).

... "I hastened to present the volume to His Holiness," wrote the Cardinal, "and found that it pleased him immensely to learn that such strides had been made in the field of Christian art in China, portraying a truly Catholic spirit rather than that of a Western importation. . . .

"The ideas expressed by Your Excellency are thoroughly in accord with the views and desires of the Holy See, and hence it is to be hoped that, though it must be gradually, they may find acceptance and actuation in China.

"Very justly you observe that the 'question of art is an accessory one; nevertheless it has immense importance as an element in the portrayal of an

idea which is not Western but universal.' It is quite necessary that the Church present herself in a manner which is attractive and not anti-Chi-



UNDER THE PROTECTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND HER DIVINE SON, THE FIRST JESUIT MISSIONERS ARRIVE IN JAPAN, PROPAGATE THE FAITH AND, IN SOME INSTANCES, SUFFER MARTYRDOM. THIS KAKEMONO IS THE WORK OF THE JAPANESE CATHOLIC ARTIST, LUKE HASEGAWA

nese, particularly to the pagans who are to be converted. For the rest, just as it would seem strange and ridiculous for the Chinese to pretend to impose the traditional forms of their architecture or painting on Europe, so likewise is it strange and out of place to carry into China the forms, excellent though they be, of Western art, Gothic or classical.

"Such styles would naturally give

quite conspicuously to the Catholic Church a foreign character, which would not prove attractive to anyone who has formed his mentality and tastes on Oriental soil."

Another notable selection of photographs of Chinese art and architecture, and an exposition of Archbishop Costantini's views, are contained in the special number of "*Arte Cristiana*" for February, 1934.

Japan and Korea—

In the Japanese Empire a group of Catholic artists have founded the *Catholic Artists' Guild*, and have done some interesting work, particularly in the field of painting. They have held several expositions in Tokyo, that of May, 1934, attracting very favorable comment.

Among the expositors were Shunkyo Okayama, a convert who has made several contributions to the Lateran Museum in Rome, Luke Hasegawa, who likewise has exhibits in the Lateran, Miss Kemiko Ozeki, Keiji Mondo, Yoshimatsu, Madame Nakamura, Furuya, Matsojiro Sasaki, Shimizu, and others. Of these, Okayama, Hasegawa and Ozeki are important figures in Japanese artistic circles.

A church in Japanese style has been erected at Nara; we have heard of no other in Japan.

One in Korean style was erected at Shingishu, Korea; while some excellent work in painting has been done by a young Korean Catholic, Louis Chang.

Achievements, and Hopes for the Morrow—

Casting our eyes over the Church's mission fields we see that in no countries of Asia or Africa, except in China and Indochina, have any large structures been erected in local Christian style. In China, Japan, Indochina, and Java some successful work has been done in painting, sculpture, and ecclesiastical furnishings.

More and more, however, the principle of adaptation in art and architecture is becoming accepted. This is of profound importance, and in the course of time will have its influence, first on the missionaries and then on the Christian artists of these countries, to whom we must normally look for any truly great achievements in this field.

AND I WILL NOT LET HIM GO. — CANTICLE OF CANTICLES.

Journey's End in Hakkaland

By a Maryknoll Sister Missioner



"THE ROAD WOUND THROUGH LOVELY VALLEYS AND AROUND TOWERING MOUNTAINS, WITH LITTLE CLUSTERS OF HOMES PERCHED HERE AND THERE ON THE HILLSIDES"



GROUP of Maryknoll Sisters in Monsignor Ford's Kaying mission field of South China is already engaged in the work of direct evangelization.

They are living among the Chinese in native houses and, under the direction of the local missioner, are journeying from village to village to convert the women.

Last December another mission band of Maryknoll Sisters arrived

in the Kaying sector and settled down at their Tung Shek Convent, christened the *Mission of the Holy Child*. There they will spend some months in intensive study of the language, before "going native" with their Sister pioneers.

These latest additions to the ranks of Kaying's women apostles are Sister M. Imelda Sheridan, of Scranton, Pa., Sister M. Madeleine Sophie Karlon, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Sister Anna Mary Moss, of Los Angeles,



LITTLE MISS HAKKA IS DECKED OUT IN GALA FINERY. BUT EVEN ON HOLIDAYS SHE HAS TO PASTURE THE BUFFALO. SHE REALLY LIKES TO HAVE HER PICTURE TAKEN. BUT THINKS IT CORRECT, A LA GARBO, TO REGISTER INDIGNATION

Calif., Sister Rita Marie Regan, of Fairhaven, Mass., and Sister M. Jean Theophane Steinbauer, of Owatonna, Minn.

We do not know which of these mission tyros penned an account of the group's arrival in Hakkaland, but we are on the lookout for her as a future regular contributor to FIELD AFAR columns; and our sole regret is that space permits only the following excerpts from the travel log of the *Holy Child* missionaries.

Off for Tung Shek—

Our walk to the bus station gave us a chance to see some of the City of Kaying. We passed a Middle School where hundreds of boys dressed in grey uniforms were out playing basketball. At that spot also we met Fathers Callan, Bush, and Gleason in their Chinese *shaams* (gowns), fitting very much into the atmosphere. We had time for only a greeting. A few minutes later we met Fr. Rhodes on his bicycle. The Junior Seminary was not far away, but Monsignor Ford thought it best not to stop as we wanted to reach Tung Shek that afternoon.

By ten-thirty we had piled into the little bus (not unlike a milk wagon) and heaped our suitcases in every available vacancy, and Monsignor had taken his place on a small stool beside the driver, when some one discovered the back tire had gone flat. So, out we all filed. And we waited and waited while two men and a boy put on a new inner tube. After that painful operation any one of us could have changed a tire. Others too were interested in watching the job. Two women observers discussed us quite frankly, and our gray dresses, Monsignor interpreting.

PeeWee—

At twelve sharp we were jostling along: we and our bags, and Ah-Oi, our cook, and PeeWee—almost buried at the back. We didn't know PeeWee. He had secured himself in the corner before we got in. When we noticed him and asked Monsignor if he belonged there, he said, "Oh, yes." But no more explanation than that. So we took him for granted, as we knew no other reason for taking him, with his

THOU HAST CREATED ME FOR THYSELF, O LORD, AND

skinny body and unkempt appearance, docile expression, and curly hair parted in the middle. He looked sixteen to us, and too young to be in such danger of being crushed to death by a case of butter and our basket of potatoes. But there he sat. When we decided to make our meditation and bless: d ourselves, he too made the Sign of the Cross. We were almost to Shakchin, Father Patrick Malone's mission, before we discovered that PeeWee (the name used by Monsignor Ford, so it was rubrical) was one of Fr. Thomas Donovan's helpers, and had been down to Kaying on business. We tried to talk to him the rest of the way. Our conversation was mainly in the sign language.

It is nine *polus*, or twenty-seven miles, from Kaying to Shakchin. The country through which we passed was even more beautiful than what we had seen the previous day. The road wound through lovely valleys and around towering mountains, with little clusters of homes perched here and there on the hillsides. The mountain foliage was a rich green and the pines and brush were bright in the strong sunlight. Rice fields in splendid order were laid out in every possible spot, and terraced up the sides of the hills. Often we would pass Hakka women in their picturesque costume, walking along the rice paddies carrying heavy loads gracefully at the ends of poles, or working around the homes. It didn't seem to be the time for work in the fields.

The Shakchin Welcome—

The mission at Shakchin is a little off by itself, and its white buildings make a pretty picture. Father Malone had left Kaying very early that morning to be there ahead of us. It was about two-thirty when we saw the Papal and Chinese flags waving in the breeze. We left the bus on the road and walked to the mission entrance, the while the giant firecrackers made a big noise and the Christians smiled their welcomes. At the entrance was a large sign, "Welcome Maryknoll Sisters", and three drummers were making music with all their might. It was thrilling! We felt like old soldiers on parade on the Fourth of July.

We stopped in the chapel; next made the acquaintance of Father's menagerie;

and then attempted to get lunch on the table. As Father's cook was away, Sisters Madeleine Sophie, Jean Theophane and Imelda got in one another's way trying to make the tea. Sisters Rita Marie and Anna Mary set the table with all the dishes available, and they were mostly soup plates. But we had a very good lunch of excellent tea, peaches out of a can, biscuits à la Shakchin, and some native bananas. Monsignor presided.



SMILING A WELCOME TO THE PIONEERS OF THE "HOLY CHILD MISSION", TUNG SHEK, HAKKALAND

After lunch we went outside to have a *look-see*, with all the women and children following us. We were especially interested in the livestock, as we may fall heir to them when Father goes on his decennial. The mule is very fine, but his teeth don't meet. The horse too is A-1, but he's out of style since the busses came and beat his time by half. The hawk we all like; and the rabbits, but one of them was a little sick. Of course there was a dog and

a cat; and lastly the monkey. One day he snatched Monsignor's watch out of his pocket and threw it into the garden. So we kept at a safe distance from him, for, if he had no respect for the purple, what could we expect?

The Christians at Shakchin are like Father Malone. They're all in good spirits. The children made friends with us very quickly; and the women asked Father to keep us with them. When we left the whole crowd followed us to the bus and stayed until we drove off. Some even ran after us until we were out of sight. Monsignor said he never saw the women act like that before. They don't usually appear when priests come through. But there was nothing lacking this time in numbers, nor in the heartiness of their welcome.

Home in Tung Shek—

From Shakchin to Tung Shek is seven *polus*, or twenty-one miles. We got more and more thrilled as we neared home, and even PeeWee got excited and tried to tell us at every landmark how many *polus* were left. It was after four when we reached Tung Shek. The mission is three miles up the valley from the market center, and we walked those three as the bus was stopped by a broken bridge. We unfolded ourselves out of the bus, and were immediately surrounded by the villagers, all pagans, who stared at us in utter stupefaction, never having seen the likes of us before. We left them staring and started on our three mile hike. It was a very pleasant one and showed us in what beautiful country our home was to be. We met pagans from time to time carrying burdens, or walking behind pack mules. Once we passed a whole line-up of donkeys, and when they got past us they gave us the heehaw.

About a half mile from the mission we passed a teashop, and the Christian who owned it came out and greeted us and begged us to take tea. We learned afterwards that he was trying to delay us so that he could let Father Donovan know of our arrival, as Father wasn't expecting us until after Christmas. When we didn't stop the man ran ahead to let Father know of our coming, and on our arrival the mission bell was clanging and the nearby Christians were

MY HEART WILL NEVER REST UNTIL IT RESTS IN THEE.

out smiling their welcome, though there had been no time to get the firecrackers.

We went first to the church, and then to the wing on its left which had been remodeled into a convent. And we were home, home in beautiful Tung Shek. Our convent pleased us in every detail, even the squeaks in the floor. We went for a tour of the whole house, and then sat around the community room table to talk things over. After that Monsignor and Father left us in possession and went to notify their cook that there would be eight for supper.

We drew straws for our cells, installed our suitcases (which was all we had with us except a case of butter and some potatoes and oranges), and then went to the rectory for supper. Everyone was very hungry and did justice to the cook's good meal. By that time it was nearly eight. Back at the convent again, which is only a few steps across the court, we got a little more acquainted with our "mystery house", said night prayers around a statue of the Blessed Mother in our community room, and then answered the mission bell which called us to Benediction in church. It was about nine o'clock, but most of the nearby Christians were present. Benediction was offered in fervent thanksgiving for God's having brought us safely to our journey's end.

Then, with one wash basin loaned to us, and one lamp and some flash lights which we were fortunate enough to have with us, we got washed up, rolled in *min-toys* (Chinese quilts) on our bamboo bunks, and didn't stay awake long enough to realize that we were actually at rest in the heart of the Hakka Hills.

Getting Settled—

The remaining days until Christmas were passed in unpacking and sorting our belongings, which arrived in installments. Sister Rita Marie reigned over the pantry closet, putting the groceries in order; and Sister Anna Mary over the stock closet, or rather the "crypt", as Father Donovan calls the huge chest left here by the old French missionary.

One of the trunks produced very pretty drapes, enough for the entire downstairs. All the upstairs windows had already been provided for by our

Siaolok Sisters, and Father Donovan had some of the drapes in place before our arrival. It took us three days before we found our alarm clock, and, as for dishes, each meal brought to light another cup or plate. As soon as the flower and vegetable seeds were found a committee was named to see to the planting of our garden.

In all this setting up house we received very efficient help from a young Christian woman by the name of Malia



FATHER THOMAS DONOVAN, M.M., OF PITTSBURGH, PA., PASTOR AT THE MARYKNOLL TUNG SHEK MISSION, CLAIMS THAT SINCE THE ARRIVAL OF THE SISTERS HE IS MERELY "EIGHTH ASSISTANT"

(Mary). We were hoping to keep her in our employ, but we learned that she is the only woman in her home and the wife of PeeWee, who, by the way, is nearly thirty, and not sixteen as we had judged.

A Historic Date—

Christmas Day was happy for many reasons, and merry for others, but especially historical because it was our formal Foundation Day for this *Mission of the Holy Child*. We had open house all morning for the women and children, who came in to see the Christmas tree and listen to the Victrola.

When we played "*Adeste Fidelis*" the choir boys sang along with the record. Father was there too, and one man (who "didn't have all his buttons"—as Father Donovan expressed it; if he had had all his buttons, he wouldn't have been seen in the company of all those women; but he lost his buttons studying too much).

When Father distributed his Christmas bags later in the morning, Sister Imelda gave a little gift to each woman, which pleased them. They offered to let us hold their babies as a sort of return, but the infants put up an argument and won out.

That afternoon we took a walk to the nearest hamlet and discovered where some of our people live. We were immediately invited into PeeWee's house to drink tea, which we did from a tiny cup, each in turn using the same one. The tea was good, and the hospitality even better. All the women thereabouts turned out to see us, whether they were pagan or Christian. We told them that as soon as we could master a little of the Hakka language we'd be back for another visit. Their smiles and their children followed us home.

Maryknoll-in-Shanghai

THE first installment of an eagerly awaited diary reached us recently, and we hasten to share it with our readers. It relates the beginnings of Maryknoll-in-Shanghai, where a pioneer group of Maryknoll Sisters are preparing for their difficult and Christlike work in the new hospital for the mentally ill, built by Mr. Lo Pa Hong, China's "Vincent de Paul", on the outskirts of the great metropolis.

March 12. This will be a memorable day for the Shanghai pioneers, as it saw our whole family, with the exception of Sr. Augusta who is to join us later, gathered under one roof. The roof is a temporary one, but it will be our convent for two or three months, as the hospital is not finished, and the convent is mostly a matter of blueprints. The Sisters of Charity are living up to their name and traditions, and do all

they can to make us comfortable. We have one large dormitory, which must serve also as community room.

March 21. There was a meeting today of the Brothers of Mercy (who are to assume the direction of the men's section of the new hospital) and our Sisters with Mr. Lo and Dr. Halpern, who is to be in charge of the hospital. The latter is an Austrian Jewish convert, and is considered very capable in the treatment of mental illness.

March 24. Mr. Lo took us out to see the hospital today. It is quite a distance out in the country, about a half hour's very fast driving from the cen-

THE Maryknoll Sister in the Orient teaches Christ's love by a life of loving dedication. May one have your prayers and homeland sacrifices?

ter of the city. It is quite flat country, and just now is covered with fields of yellow mustard blossoms, and many peach trees are in bloom. The hospital is situated on the highway, with a good dirt road.

We went in through an entrance under the Administration Building, and found ourselves facing a small square, in the center of which is a very attractive statue of Our Lady of Mercy. The

square has been sodded, and many small trees and shrubs planted, so it should be very attractive in a few months. On the right side of the square are the buildings, four in number, for the four classes of men patients, and back of them is the Brothers' house. The houses for the women patients are on the left side, and back of them is the convent, or rather the four walls which will eventually become a convent.

March 29. We started lessons in Shanghai dialect today, and Sr. Mercedes is continuing on with her study of Mandarin. Sister has been a godsend for us, as she is able to make herself understood in the Mandarin.



AFTER THIRTEEN MONTHS CAPTIVITY BY REDS, FR. CYPRIAN BRAVO, O.P., A SPANISH DOMINICAN OF FUKIEN PROVINCE (SECOND FROM THE RIGHT), WAS LIBERATED LAST FEBRUARY AND GIVEN FIVE DOLLARS AND A PASS TO TAKE HIM SAFELY TO SINFENG IN KIANGSI PROVINCE, WHERE HE WAS WELCOMED BY AMERICAN VINCENTIAN MISSIONERS. THE RED LEADERS, ACCORDING TO FR. BRAVO, PRACTICE SPIRITISM. THEY WERE WARNED THROUGH A "MEDIUM" THAT THE DEATH OF THEIR CAPTIVE WOULD ONLY FURTHER THE CAUSE OF THE CHURCH IN CHINA. WITH FR. BRAVO ARE (LEFT) FR. ALOYS TCHENG (CHINESE), FR. JOHN McLAUGHLIN, C.M., AND FR. FREDERICK McGUIRE, C.M.

BESIDES THEE WHAT DO I DESIRE UPON EARTH?



A Xavier Story, by the Most Rev. James Edward Walsh, M.M., of Cumberland, Md., Vicar Apostolic of the Maryknoll Kongmoon Mission, South China

THERE was a sharp rap on the sliding panel that served for a door, and the two missionaries looked up from their struggles over Japanese hieroglyphics to exchange a rapid glance of interrogation. Thoughts of ubiquitous soldiers flashed through the minds of men

who had been prepared by three months in Japan to be surprised at everything. It was almost with a sense of disappointment that the younger man slid back the panel to reveal the smiling face of Francis Xavier.

"Oh, it's you, Father." There was, however, more relief than disappointment in his tone. No cohorts of the Shogun this time, and here was the head man of the outfit to deal with them when they did come. The week of Xavier's absence had seemed long.

"Of course, it's I", laughed Xavier, as he shook hands. "Who else would it be to seek out our little mission? You haven't got the crowds coming al-

ready, have you?" He strode around, beaming on both his companions. He was evidently delighted to get back. Suddenly he wheeled about. "But we shall have them coming soon! Look here!" He bent over his knapsack and extracted a small notebook. He threw it on the table.

The Key to Japan—

"What's that?" asked the older of the two mystified ones. "Is that all you brought back?"

"All? My dear man, isn't that enough?" replied Xavier, with a twinkling eye. "Behold, Father Torres, the key to Japan!"

"Humph," commented Torres, unimpressed. "Funny looking key. Of course, I admit that Japan is also a pretty funny lock. What is it going to open, and how?"

"Why, the hearts of the people, Father, what else? Do you know what that little book is? It is the entire résumé of Christian Doctrine translated into good Japanese by Bernard

and Paul (Japanese converts) at Kago-shima. They already had the rough part done, and we worked the entire week to polish it up. Do you say it was time well spent? Juan Fernandez, what do you think?"

The younger man jumped up eagerly. He seized the book and began to thumb it over. "Time well spent?" he breathed. "Indeed it was better spent than the week we passed here in trying to learn a few sounds by word of mouth. Good heavens, what a language! I was beginning to think there was no way to learn it at all. Now this is what I call a real step." He sat down again, still leafing here and there in the now precious book. He tried to pronounce a few of the new words under his breath. Father Torres joined him to have a peep.

Xavier was studying the pair fondly. "Ah, you are both young and will make short work of it. That's right; dig into it. It won't be long before we can sally out and do some real work."

Fernandez looked up jubilantly. "Fa-

THOU ART THE GOD OF MY HEART

ther, this is just the thing. All the Christian terms! Why, as soon as we have learned this, we shall be ready to get out and preach."

"Well, I should hope so," replied the older man. "That's what we came here for. And that's why we put in all the work on this little book." He paused, sighed. Mission work always seemed to take such a long way around to get anywhere. And there was so much work to do. It was hard not to be able to pitch in at once. "But we must hurry, Juan. Think of it! Three months in Japan already, and no way to tell the people what brought us here!"

Fernandez Takes a Chance—

Fernandez was still thumbing the new book. "Give me a week at this, Father Francis, and I'll take a chance at preaching a sermon. I think I have already seized the hang of the sentence structure more or less. And I know a lot of the ordinary words. As soon as I get these religious terms, I'm your man."

The week went by amid hectic study and redoubled prayers. Brother Juan Fernandez was much the youngest of the trio, and he naturally made more rapid progress in the difficult language than the other two. He was a little abashed, but also elated, when Father Xavier selected him to make the first attempt at preaching to the people.

For his pitch Xavier had picked out the corner of a street near a much frequented temple, because he had noticed that there was usually a lot of coming and going at this point. His foresight was not entirely necessary, as the pair of foreigners would have gathered a crowd anywhere. In fact, they automatically collected one as they went along, and, by the time they had arrived at the chosen spot, they were already the center of a curious throng. Small boys danced around them, laughing and making faces; young men stared pop-eyed, and old men raised eyebrows in mild and benevolent curiosity. Even some of the women took furtive peeps at the extraordinary strangers, although they quickly lowered their eyes again to the pavement, and proceeded to look quite incapable of any such momentary breach of oriental customs.

The temple steps were already crowded with worshipers. Xavier glanced about and concluded that a voice raised in this vicinity would be heard by upwards of a hundred people. He gave the signal to Fernandez. "We'll say the *Our Father* together for

fully conned sentences of his introduction. With the flexible palate of youth he was already able to reproduce the native pronunciation to a fair extent, and, rather to his own surprise, he at once found himself speaking to an attentive audience.

"Good heavens, they actually understand me," was the welcome thought he framed unconsciously, as he continued to pour out words. His ready memory and facile tongue warmed to their work, and he was soon preaching a very fair sermon in a Japanese that, while far from perfect, was yet intelligible.

But it was not to be all plain sailing. Catcalls and shrill laughter came from the youngsters, who would not have understood the subjects the preacher was discussing in any language. Occasionally a shout of derision arose. Fernandez explained the unity of God, and the futility of honoring a multiplicity of idols. This provoked a few jeers, but no serious opposition, as most of the listeners were themselves inclined to regard the idols they worshiped as beings of rather vague and questionable powers. Besides, Fernandez kept the discussion at first on a speculative basis. But soon it came time for brass tacks.

When he had clarified the question sufficiently, he began to insinuate its practical bearing. He did so by explaining the reason that had brought the missionaries to Japan. "It is to bring you this message that we have come to your honorable country. It is perhaps not altogether your own fault that you do not know there is only one God. How could you know, if nobody told you? So our presence in Japan is in order to teach you. . . ."

A Vigorous Interruption—

Fernandez stopped. There was a commotion on the edge of the crowd, and, as he looked about for the source of the interruption, he saw a middle aged man elbowing his way through the press, shouting and sputtering as he came. Neither Fernandez nor Xavier could make out what the man was saying, but from his violent gesticulations it was obvious that he was working himself into a towering rage. "Give him a chance," whispered Francis to



"THE VIGOROUS OBJECTOR PLANTED HIMSELF DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF FERNANDEZ. INDIGNATION OZZED FROM HIS KIMONO CLAD FIGURE"

a start," he said. "Then launch right out."

They Actually Understand—

The prayer arrested the attention of the curious mob, and a measure of comparative quiet pervaded the chattering groups. This gave Fernandez a good opening. He shouted out the care-

AND THE GOD THAT IS MY PORTION FOREVER.

Fernandez. "This may add to the attraction."

The vigorous objector had now penetrated through the throng. He planted himself directly in front of Fernandez. Indignation oozed from his kimono clad figure. Fernandez smiled at him ingratiatingly, but he was in no mood to be placated by smiles. He looked straight at the missionary, and there was no favor in his glance.

"Teach us!" he howled. "Did you say you came to Japan to teach us?" The scorn of an insulted continent was in his tones. "Beggary foreign devils! Who invited *you* to come and teach us, I'd like to know?"

The irate heckler paused to collect a supply of breath for a further onslaught, and Brother Fernandez got his chance to pour some oil on the waters. He smiled again, adopted his mildest tone, and took special care with his inflections. "Honorable Sir," he began, "you mistake my meaning. We came to Japan to learn as well as to teach. In many departments of knowledge your esteemed country is no doubt superior to our wretched fatherland." A murmur of approval went up from the crowd at this compliment. "But I am confining myself simply to one subject, and . . ."

"What is it? What is the subject you are going to teach us, then?" interrupted his truculent interlocutor.

What's Wrong with Our Idols?—

Fernandez wanted this question, and he let his adversary have the answer full and fair. "Religion," he said. "We are priests of God. There is only One. There is no other. Whether in Japan, or any place else. And consequently all these idols. . ."

His opponent snapped him up again. "What's the matter with our idols? We have had them for hundreds of years! And you say they are no good? Who are *you*, anyway? Why don't you stay in your own country?"

"We are sent. And sent, not by men, but by Almighty God, in order to explain His doctrine. You are free, of course, not to listen. Nobody is forcing you. But how can you learn about God unless somebody teaches you?"

Preaching Christ Crucified—

The speech was too incisive for the angry man. It left him a bit bewildered, and it ended on a note that had already galled him to the quick. He lost control of himself.

"Teach us! There it is again! This rascally foreigner keeps on talking about teaching us!" he shrieked, half turning to the crowd as he edged up to Fernandez. "Well, we'll do a little teaching, too. And I'll give you your



"EVEN SOME OF THE WOMEN TOOK FURTIVE PEEPS AT THE EXTRAORDINARY STRANGERS"

first lesson right now, you foreign busy-body," he ended, and with the words the enraged man spat full in Fernandez's face.

Xavier was watching closely. A little stir of sympathy rippled along the sea of faces as Fernandez paled, stood stock-still a moment, then flushed rosy red and involuntarily raised his arm.

Just for what purpose he raised his arm only he himself ever knew. Xavier's whisper was instant in his ear. "The other cheek, Juan. We preach Christ crucified."

The preacher's arm described a graceful circle and descended to the pocket of his soutane. Therefrom its now

calm owner abstracted a handkerchief and leisurely wiped a face that was again smiling. He saw his adversary already moving off, apparently having relieved his feelings sufficiently, though still foaming and gesturing as he went. He smiled at the crowd. "As I was saying," he resumed serenely in his sermonizing tone, "there is only One God."

Virtue Made Easy—

Fernandez and Xavier were leaving the square, when a dignified looking man of the merchant type accosted them with a low bow. "Honorable Sirs, may I have the privilege of a word with you?" he inquired.

"Certainly, Sir," replied Xavier, returning the bow. "Can we be of any service to you?"

"You are men of religion," said the merchant. "I am only a merchant, yet I am also a humble aspirant to virtue. All my life I have sought it. But it is hard to find. In fact, I was beginning to think there was no such thing. Until this morning. In my fifty years of mortal life, I have never before seen an example of true virtue such as my eyes witnessed just now." He turned and bowed low to Brother Fernandez.

Fernandez returned the bow. "I am wholly unworthy of these good words. This is not the strength of weak men such as ourselves, but the power of God above. He is helping us. He will help you. He makes virtue easy. That is the secret."

"I confess, Honorable Sirs," returned the merchant, "that this insignificant man has never found virtue easy. But you evidently have some means of reaching it. I desire to hear more about this doctrine."

"Where do you live?" cut in Xavier.

"On that road leading to the temple on the south," said the merchant.

"At the first opportunity we shall pay our respects," promised Father Xavier.

His Best Sermon—

"Well, Juan," said Francis Xavier, as the two started to retrace their steps to their tiny residence, "perhaps your Japanese wasn't perfect. But when you turned the other cheek, you spoke a language that was understood. It was the best sermon you ever preached."

MARYKNOLL JUNIORS

The Fairy Lantern

SOME say it was a red ember out of the sunset. Some say it was a hot spark from the smoking jaw of Loong the Dragon. Dean Owl of the Feathered College hooted a whole lecture about it. And he was right! It was a FAIRY LANTERN.

At nighttime in Japan when the iris flowers curl up in their purple-yellow petal blankets, the Fairies go about carrying lanterns to light their way. Ever since the Fairy Lantern was lit one mid-summer night, not only Japanese Fairies, but all the Fairies all over the world carry lanterns at night.

Bot-Chan, Emperor of the Japanese Fairies, sent his dragonfly couriers to invite all Fairyland to attend the Great Fairy Matsuri Festival in the Imperial Wood of Sprites. The date set was midnight exactly between the last of July and the first of August. Fairy Delegates from every country were expected—

Bong—Bong—Bong—Bong—Bong—Bong—Bong—Bong—Bong—Bong—Bong!
Midnight!

At the last *Bong!* of the Fairy Blue-Bells, Empress Moon entered her sky court in a mantle of gold. Fairyland, assembled in the Imperial Wood of Sprites, watched breathlessly. You could not have heard a cherry blossom open! The Empress of the sky began her stately dance. The golden cloak slipped from her shoulders down to the Fairies below. Up, up, up across the field of stars they saw her go, shining in her silver court gown. The silence was broken. Breezes sent up Fairyland's applause. Pico and Do-re from Italy, land of beauty, were busy with their paints and their music. Pico's little fern brush started a moonlight panorama of the sky and the woods. Do-re's little bell voice rang out sweetly the songs from a fairy opera. All was tinkle (fairy laughter) and song and fairy chatterings.

"Ho! Ho!" tinkled Dingle and Pringle the Fairy-Dairy Delegates of Holland. (Delegates always laugh in pairs that way.) They tinkled so merrily that their little Dutch caps (made of neatly smoothed cream cheese) almost waggled off their little golden butter ball heads! It struck them funny to see the Japanese Fairies carrying lanterns in the moonlight—so ridiculous you know. Not at all practical or economical.

"Why under the moon do you carry lanterns—" They never finished the sentence for at that very moment a huge cloud claimed the Empress of the sky for dancing partner and hid her from view.

Pitch dark! Except for the lanterns, really very dull ones just then, of the Japanese Fairies. Something knocked Dingle's cap off his head!

"A light! A light!" Dingle and Pringle shouted. "A lantern! A glow-worm! A firefly! An owl's eye! (Dean Owl nearby screeched eerily at that!) Anything!"

The excitement was in fact quite terrific. Japanese Fairies ran about trying to get their sleepy firefly lanterns working better. The rest of the Fairies flew about helplessly in the darkness. Everybody was hunting for lights. Somebody jumping up and down nervously on a mountainous inch of moss announced a glow-worm too stout to be moved. Bot-Chan clapped his imperial wings twice. There came a hush.

"Our honorable lanterns! Where are they? Let them be lit—every one! Who has been so perfectly careless as to let them sleep on a night like this?"

In one tick of the Fairy Cricket Clock, thousands—yes, thousands—of tiny red moons shone out of the blackness. At least they looked for all the fairy world like moons. They came bobbing along through the woods, firefly lanterns swinging on the arms of the Japanese Fairies.

Alas! for the sight that greeted the entire Imperial Household. Dingle was capless indeed, his bright head of butter churned hair with-

out a covering. Ye dragons! It had already begun to melt in the warm lantern light!

"Don't lose your head, dear Dingle! Don't lose your head, your dear little delicious head, dear Dingle!" It was tearful to see how poor Pringle went on about it. Dingle ran away wildly under cover trying to keep his head on his shoulders. Someone threw him a mushroom umbrella to shade his head. Everybody began searching for his precious cheese cap.

Suddenly there was a rush, a mad rush, among the Imperial Pussy Courtiers. (Pussy Courtiers are the pussies that burst away from their pussy-willow bushes.) Something fat and hairy had slipped through the Imperial Court.

The hunting cry arose: "Pursue the dishonorable beast!"

They were off on the scent with the Captain of the Samurai (soldier) Pussies in the lead! One and all forgot their spritely dignity—also their firefly lanterns—and went dashing headlong after the mysterious animal. They could not overtake it until they neared a human's house. There it seems, the beast had a turn for the worse, rolled over and died. A dead Dormouse! In a second, a crowd of Pussy Courtiers stood triumphantly on its head, while another twenty-five or so held on to its long skinny tail in case it might not be entirely dead yet. All of them sniffed the air and grinning wisely said calmly: "Cheese."

"Ai!" Bot-Chan and some of the Matsuri party had come up. "The honorable Dingle's cap must be lying close by. WHERE is a light?" Everybody felt squelched, considering they had completely forgotten their lanterns again.

"Cheerio! Old things!" came from the British Delegates. "Do you by chance see that blighted swinging lantern in that human's house over there?"

The French Delegates flew over immediately.

"Ah oui (yes)! This is a chapel. The light comes from a sanctuary lamp—the same we have in our grrrrand cathedrals at home. Perhaps we could borrow a little of its fire for our search."

"And how!" The American Delegates rushed about looking for an entrance. They found only one loose brick which no one there nor all of them together could move.

What was that scuffle going on inside? A squeaky voice addressed them from behind the loose brick: "Eek! Who are you? Eek! What do you want? Eek! I am the Porter of the Loose Brick but I will not budge it unless you pay toll for coming past it. I must have the toll first—slipped through this crack!" A dim light shone through an invisible crack.

Bot-Chan stepped forward: "O honorable Porter of the Loose Brick, I am the Emperor Bot-Chan of the Japanese Fairies. I will pay you any toll you wish if you loan us a few shines of

light from that lantern or lamp which burns inside your house."

"Eek! CHEESE!" The Imperial Household could scarcely believe their fairy ears! "Eek! The toll is cheese! I have not nibbled good cheese since I left America in a soda-cracker box one year ago tonight. Mmm. Eek!"

There was a pause. The Porter of the Loose Brick feared he was going to lose his customers.

"Please! Cheese! I am pining away for it. The mission people who live here cannot afford to buy it and I live mostly on flower seeds and dust cloths."

The Fairies tinkled and giggled (giggled).

Pringle had come up in the meantime. He put his mouth to the crack and shouted: "My cap is made of absolutely fresh cream cheese, but I cannot give you all of it as my head, which is a pure butter ball, would melt without it—in the light."

"What a delightful, sensible Fairy now!" The Porter of the Loose Brick waxed joyful. "I think—I think—Suppose I agree to gnaw only at the side flaps of your cap and return the rest of the cap to you? In exchange you may enter and borrow our light—that is a few shins of it. I shall move the loose brick."

A great "Hurrah!" was duly given. The brick was moved forward and fell flat and there in front of them stood as sleek a mouse as ever wanted cheese.

"I heard you tracking down my



brother the Robber Dormouse—a good-for-nothing if there ever was one. Now, the toll please and you may come in.” He was already gnawing at Pringle’s tasty cap which a dozen Japanese Fairies handed him with grand ceremony.

They took the shines of light, searched for Dingle’s cap and found it near the dead Dormouse. They were about to leave when they noticed the sanctuary lamp was no longer lit. Now what to do? They could never leave the important light that way for the Porter of the Loose Brick had explained that a King dwelt there and must always have a light burning before Him. Luckily the rest of the guests from the woods came along by that time, with firefly lanterns bravely lit.

Bot-Chan himself gave directions how to string the firefly lanterns about the burnt-out sanctuary lamp. Afterwards on the way back to the Imperial Woods, Bot-Chan made a speech to all present on the value of *always, everywhere* at night time carrying at least a firefly lantern.

* * * * *

Somebody started brushing away the funny little bugs that clung to the sanctuary lamp. But he stopped in wonder when they lighted up one after another with their pretty orange-red glow!

Now, who could have had such a beautiful thought to keep the sanctuary lamp alight for the King? (A mouse hiding under a bench blinked knowingly.) Well, well, it must have been the Angels. Or—perhaps the Fairies? Dean Owl, outside in a tree, hooted.

It certainly was a FAIRY LANTERN!

Scrap Book Contest Winners

First Prize—

Laura Ford, *Frederick, Md.*

Second Prize—

Marie Sheridan, *Washington, D. C.*

Third Prize—

Joseph Perkins, *South Boston, Mass.*

Honorable Mention—

Betty Stone, *Frederick, Md.*; Joan Junghans, *St. Paul, Minn.*; Elizabeth Dooner, *Frederick, Md.*; Cecilia Morley, *Youngstown, Ohio*; Marie Evans, *Bronx, New York City*; Kathryn Roth, *Minneapolis, Minn.*; Lillian Sperl, *Hanska, Minn.*; Anna Marie Down, *Bronx, New York City.*



ANNUNCIATION SCHOOL, *New York, N. Y.*; Sacred Heart School, *New Philadelphia, Penna.*; China Club, *Norwich, N. Y.*; Fourth Grade, Ascension School, *Philadelphia, Penna.*; Eighth Grade Girls, *St. John's School, Bangor, Me.*; St. John's School, *Concord, N. H.*; Juniors of St. Joseph School, *Bristow, Okla.*; Grades Three and Four of St. John's School, *Concord, N. H.*; Marie Evans, *New York City*; Lillian Sperl, *Hanska, Minn.*; Louise Conton, *Concord, N. H.*; Raymond Martin, *San Francisco, Calif.*; Thomas Doyle, *Jersey City, N. J.*; Marie Schmitt, *Bayport, L. I., N. Y.*; James O'Malley, *Chelsea, Mass.*; Geraldine Patrick, *Lisbon Falls, Me.*; Francis Ga Nun, *Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.*; Fifth Grade of St. Matthew's School, *Monroe, La.*; Grades Four, Five and Six of Holy Rosary School, *Saint Stephen, N. B.*; Agnes Frankwick, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Juniors of St. Anthony's School, *Wailuku Maui, T. H.*; William Maskill, *Dorchester, Mass.*; First, Second and Third Grades of St. Joseph's School, *Bristow, Okla.*; Dolores Vogel, *Baltimore, Md.*; St. John's School, *Bellaire, Ohio*; Room Six, St. Joseph's School, *Hartford, Conn.*; Fifth Grade Boys, Our Lady of Peace School, *Chicago, Ill.*; Paul and Mary Portelli, *San Francisco, Calif.*; Mary Crowley, *Westerville, R. I.*; Grades Three, Four, Five and Six of Assumption School, *Juniata, Nebr.*; Rose De Paul, *Stonehurst, Penna.*; Jack Joseph Aherne, *Ireland*; St. Casimir Academy, *Chicago, Ill.*; St. Andrew's School, *Bloomfield, Nebr.*; Young Mission Club, *Detroit, Mich.*; Grade One, St. Mary's School, *Windsor Locks, Conn.*; Frances Nichols, *Lebanon, Penna.*; Leo Stelten, *Minneapolis, Minn.*; Dorothy Sutton, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*; Bernard McFarland, *Lawrence, Mass.*

April Puzzle Winners

First Prize—

Helen Greenler, *Georgetown, Mass.*

Second Prize—

Jane Ench, *Sacramento, Calif.*

Third Prize—

Rita Brunette, *Lawrence, Mass.*

New Juniors

Delaware—

Wilmington: Jeanne C. Dorsey.

Illinois—

Chicago: William Lenski.

Massachusetts—

Arlington: Ruth Regan, John Morris, Frank and John Bresnihan.

Belmont: Mary Janet Daley.

Boston: Gerard McFarland.

Brookline: Camilla Phelan, Barbara Phelan.

Dorchester: Mary and Eunice Keenan, Virginia Elwood, Claire Scott.

Hyde Park: Harry McCann, Anita Masella, Dominic Falco, William McDermott, Paul Huber, Joseph McCann.

Salem: Kathleen Durkin.

Wakefield: Frances Kard, Jean Smallwood, Charles McGuire, Phyllis Petrillo, Eleanor Mardone, Katherine Allen, William Wenzel, Edward Fleming, Joseph Mahoney, Jane Patch.

Worcester: Therese Brodeur.

Minnesota—

Albertville: Rose Mary Barthel.

Missouri—

Glennonville: Lena Olinger, Johanna Lampe, Anna Marie Peters, Agnes Stenger, Alice Schweitzer, Agnes Baker, Viola Smith, Clemens Deken, William Huber, Leo Kuper, Antoinette Teder, Emma Stenger, Rita Siebert, Zita Friedman, Bernadine Fortman, Johanna Huber, Arnold Smith, Lavelle Stewart, Johnnie Bader, Cyril Eberhard, Norbert Gass, Oscar Weidenbenner, Beatrice Smith, Mary Frances Binkley, Eulalia Lampe, Matilda Krapf, Irene Eberhard, Marguerite Weidenbenner, Joseph Kuper, Hansel Roach, Johnnie Deken, Clemens Siebert, Muriel Straddler, Anthony Schumer.

New Jersey—

Passaic: Mary Naab.

New York—

Brooklyn: Estelle Schlereth, Helen Spisak, Gertrude McDevitt, Edna Schmalz, Grace Giudice, Alice Ribsam, Elaine De Coste.

Jamaica: Dorothea Murphy.

New York City: Marie T. Veevers.

Rochester: Joan Smith.

Ohio—

Bellaire: Charles Pauling.

Norwood: Roy and Betty Matthews.

Youngstown: Cecelia Morley.

Pennsylvania—

Philadelphia: Sixty-seven boys of Grade Five, Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary School; Forty-four pupils of Grade Four, Ascension School.

Ireland—

Dublin: Sean Murtagh, Pat Gallagher, Michael O'Reilly, Brendan O'Callaghan, Tom Gray, Terry McSwiney.

A Fish Story

Dear Missioners-at-home:

ONE day Oliver and his Grampy pushed off from shore in a schooner. They had so much fishing tackle on board and Oliver got so wound up in the mess that the old sea tar (Grampy) said it reminded him of the old cod days back in the '60s when a cod was a cod.

Instead of a Mission Intention Calendar for July and another one for August, I am sending each one of you one Midsummer Mission Intention Calendar. On it you will find numbered the names of the new Maryknoll Missioners. Check up your days of prayer and sacrifice during vacation time the same as you always check them up on the ordinary Mission Intention Calendar each month. In September, be sure to send your Midsummer Calendar back to me. I will then forward the grand total of all your prayers and sacrifices to the new Maryknoll Missioners in fields afar—signed: FROM THE MARYKNOLL JUNIORS.

"'Eh? I kin tell ye a yarn but as to its bein' maroon—well, enywise, one might me an' the lads went fishin'. They wuz tired an' objected havin' fished all thet day, in particular yer father. But I sez, sez I: 'Boys! Ef we don't fish, darn it, wese and yer Ma (that's yer Gramy) 'll hev t'eat tackle, thet's what!' They saw our predickymment, particularly yer father—Oliver wake up!—the't's it. So we fished all thet night. Along towards mornin'—"

Father Chin



"Eh? Shet up, yung un, hold yer seahorse till yer Grampy finishes. Well, I wuz hangin over the rail—"

"Eh? When alluva sedden—Shkrishmy! Give me beck thim teeth Oliver m'lad, I allus send thim flyin whin I go through this yere yarn. Thankee! I began towin in the biggest cod me er the boys, particularly yer father, ever set eyes on. 'Hold er boys! Hold er!' everybody wuz yellin at oncet. Would ye believe it yung un? It took us exactly thirty-four hours an twenty-eight seconds Meridian landin er, and et thet we didn't lend er. So, we finally let er go. I sez kind uv jokin: 'Boys, cods will be cods. The t'other end uv thet there cod's up at Greenland er Lasky. An ez it turned out next day, by shrimp, I wuzn't fer frum wrong, har, har! Shure nough I gits a cable call from Hong Kong Harber an some Britisher sea dog sez at t'other end uv the wire: 'Hello! Neptune's newiew? Wuz you tryin to pull in a cod yister-days? Thet cod's been landed over yere wid one uv yer labeled hooks in its jaw. We wuz hookin it at t'other end by the tail whiles ye wuz yankin er at the head. Biggest fish tale frum here to Ameriky and the tallest!' So ye see Oliver, m'lad, thet blamed cod stretched frum coast to coast. Har, har, har."



Sponsor Ties, A Case of Close Friendship

(MARYKNOLL SPONSORS are friends who "back" or support a Maryknoll missionary at one dollar a day, for as many days each month as possible. Monthly reminders are sent, and our Sponsors are assured that whenever they cannot keep up this practical co-operation, the reminder will be discontinued. Every new missionary is a blessing, but also a new "support problem", for the Home Knoll. Our Sponsors are solving this problem for us.)

EVER since the very first Maryknollers set up camp for the launching of the Maryknoll enterprise, those who have helped us have taken away the impression that giving to Maryknoll meant giving that was appreciated.

We would feel very much ashamed if it were otherwise. We are not running a machine, or an institution of icy philanthropy, but are striving for the conversion of souls.

And we are very much alive to the fact that the "we" should mean *you* and *us*, the *you* representing all zealous American Catholics generous enough to be interested in helping others as well as themselves.

Hence the Maryknoll enterprise is a partnership between those who go and those who remain at home. This partnership should be a case of close friendship and, particularly as regards those who get the happy inspiration to help provide one or several days' support monthly for the missionaries along the line, we try to make our relations as genuinely person to person as possible. These, our *Sponsors*, with the passing of the years have come to represent a special family intimately linked with the life of Maryknoll.

That the family spirit exists is revealed in the correspondence which passes between us and our *Sponsor* friends. We run through the sheaf of letters on our desk and reflect on the

sense of closeness which we feel towards so many who for years now have been corresponding with us monthly.

"Thank you, Father," says the first one, "for your words of encouragement which come with each note. By one

enough material success for it that I may keep our fifteen employees in steady work. . . . Enclosed is my monthly offering for five Sponsor days."

The next reads: "Little though it is, I thank God that He gives me the privilege to send you the enclosed. Work is uncertain. However, it is my firm conviction that as long as I send my Sponsor offering every month work will keep up. I have confidence that the Sacred Heart will not be outdone in generosity. . . . My sister fell and fractured the bones of her wrist and thus I have this added anxiety. But at such times I turn to you and am grateful for the words you write me. It is my dream to visit Maryknoll some day. . . . May God love and bless you all."



THREE "OTHER CHRISTS". AT THE KONGMOON MARYKNOLL, SOUTH CHINA

Fr. John Pei (left) and Fr. Simon Lei were ordained last year for Maryknoll fields of South China. Fr. John Coulchan, M.M., of Cumberland, Md. (center), is one of Maryknoll's tallest

who is alone and would like to do far more than is at present possible your kind messages are much appreciated. . . . The loss of my father several years ago has made a difference in many things. At present I am running a small printing plant; say a prayer for

And how many letters reflect real sacrifice which attachment to the cause of Maryknoll is prompting from friends who live next door to want. Here is an old lady who, we are sure, never lets a day pass without praying for us: "Thank you, Father, for your kind words and blessing. I am sending my three dollars for your fine missionaries, God love them! I think of their sufferings these days when I am having a pretty hard time myself. I get but little employment now, as I am almost totally deaf and in my seventy-fifth year. I live my days for my missionaries."

Young and old, poor and less poor, men and women with hearts freighted with the legion of joys and cares which make up life—this is the *Sponsor Family*. We meet over the mail desk and, in nine cases out of ten, we shall never see each other face to face. But nevertheless how strangely close we feel, for all are tied so tightly to Maryknoll and Maryknollers.

The Field Afar for 6 years, \$5.

HE WHO HELPS AN APOSTLE BECOMES AN APOSTLE.

The Thank You Page



CHOPSTICK SUE TAKES A "GIMME POSE". MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS MAY NOT MEASURE UP TO CHINESE SUE'S DRAMATIC ART; BUT THEY TOO, IN ORDER TO GO ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS OF WINNING SOULS TO CHRIST, MUST HAVE THEIR DAILY RICE

WHERE there's a *Will* there is, unfortunately, often a way to break it. A bequest made to the foreign missions, or to any other charitable work, does not always reach its destination.

When it does, then surely he who gave must rejoice indeed—with the clear vision of those in eternal light—to see the priceless, spiritual good that is effected. It is the one way in which a person can "take his money with him" into the next life.

Since our last issue we have been notified of a remembrance of Maryknoll in eight *Wills*, and legacies in favor of our work have been received from eight others.

An *Annuity* is the only *Will* that is executed by one's own self, and an ever increasing number of Maryknoll benefactors have selected this means of making their bequest secure.

Among our most recent *Annuity* is a friend in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Stringless Gifts, the most help-

ful of all in a far-flung work for God and souls such as Maryknoll, have been reaching our hilltop in heartening numbers.

The latest "*Stringless Gift*" list contains the names of benefactors in West Roxbury, Mass.; New York City; Arcata, Calif.; New Haven, Conn.; Watertown, Mass.; Detroit, Mich., and Malden, Mass.

The idea of *Sponsoring a Maryknoll Missioner*, and so sharing in the merits of all his labors and sacrifices for souls, appealed recently to friends in New Bedford, Mass., and New York City.

Other co-workers of Maryknoll, living in Chicago, Ill., and Little Chute, Wis., gave us aid in the *Training Expenses of our Seminarians*.

A generous gift for the *Bedford Maryknoll*, our Novitiate in Massachusetts, was received from Malden, Mass.

Maryknoll Mission Fields in Manchukuo and China were remembered by friends in Boston, Mass., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Our *Leper Work* in South China received notable aid from a benefactor in New York City.

ET LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EIS
A CONSTANT friend of Maryknoll was the late Sister Mary Pauline (Finn) of the Georgetown Visitation Convent.

Sister Pauline was for many years the head of the English department at the Visitation Convent and her published writings

THE surest and most satisfactory method of forwarding money to the Maryknoll missions is through the Center.

Checks or money orders should be made out to the Maryknoll Fathers Maryknoll, N. Y.

are numerous. Sixty-seven were the years of her religious profession and her age was ninety-two. May this faithful steward of God rest in peace.

We ask prayers also for the repose of the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rev. Thomas Meagher; Sr. M. Gabriel Ryan; Sr. M. Albertus Stankonas; Margaret Burton; Mary L. Thoma; Mrs. H. Hay; Miss Hyland; Margaret Williams; J. Williams; Mrs. M. Flannigan; Mrs. T. Grant; Mary McCabe; Anna Molloy; J. J. Maley; Mrs. T. Gasnell; Huntington Richards, M.D.; Mrs. H. J. Empen; Mrs. A. M. Brady; Mary Fahey; T. J. Hassett; C. E. Foley; Mrs. B. McGrath; Mr. Walsh; Mrs. P. H. Flaherty; Dora Uihlein; Mrs. Patrick Rooney; Mary F. Curtis; Mrs. E. Fogwill; Margaret Burke; Louise Prowse; Mrs. J. G. Deshler; T. E. Sweeney; J. Burke; Mr. King; A. S. Peters; P. J. Donahue; Ellen E. Nilan; Mrs. E. Lokie; Mary Ryan; Nora Maher; Julia C. Lalor; Margaret A. Flynn; Jane White; Jacob N. Wahl; Mrs. M. Hammond; Joseph F. Seng; Mrs. James L. Keegan.

STUDENT BURSSES

A bursse is a sum of money drawing yearly interest which is applied to the board, housing and education of a student at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at one of its Preparatory Colleges in the United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)	
MAHAN MEMORIAL BURSE..	4,630.85
St. Vincent De Paul Burse, No. 2 (Reserved)	4,500.00
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse..	4,200.00
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,068.13
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse..	4,050.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	3,804.59
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America, Burse.....	3,153.94
St. Michael Burse, No. 1.....	3,015.00
N. M. Burse.....	3,000.00
Marywood College Burse.....	2,882.00
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,800.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,762.85
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,284.63
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,264.19
Duluth Diocese Burse.....	2,211.70
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
St. Bernadette of Lourdes Burse..	1,940.09
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,904.19
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse	1,738.06
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Fr. Nunnemey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	1,390.38
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,139.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,121.21
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	1,000.00
Detroit Diocese Burse.....	876.00

BY THIS SHALL ALL MEN KNOW THAT YOU ARE MY DISCIPLES,

St. Rita Burse.....	772.65
St. Lawrence Burse.....	673.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	656.20
Children of Mary Burse.....	655.70
St. Bridget Burse.....	630.70
Holy Family Burse.....	582.25
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	503.61
The Holy Name Burse.....	476.65
St. Jude Burse.....	414.00
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	292.00
All Saints Burse.....	261.78
Rev. George M. FitzGerald Burse.....	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Trinity "Wekanduit" No. 2 Burse.....	200.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00
SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07
Queen of the Rosary Burse.....	105.00

NATIVE STUDENT BURSSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable our missionaries to keep one Chinese aspirant to the priesthood at a seminary in China.

SS. ANN AND JOHN BURSE...	1,425.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus and Our Lady of Perpetual Help Burse (Reserved).....	1,420.61
Little Flower Burse.....	1,334.28
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,330.50
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	1,218.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,083.00
Souls in Purgatory Burse.....	1,076.50
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	808.13
McQuillen-Blömer Memorial Burse.....	800.00
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	702.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	301.60
St. Patrick Burse.....	255.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus—F.W. Burse.....	200.00

FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES

(\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	4,802.00
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Reserved).....	4,500.00
"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,727.80
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos).....	1,444.95
Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Memorial Burse.....	1,232.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse.....	1,001.00
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos).....	1,000.00
St. Michael Burse.....	696.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	690.10
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse (Los Altos).....	371.30
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	113.00

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friends, 25; T. P. P. and Relatives; C. G. B.; C. S.; A. E. M.; M. S. and Family; Mrs. J. C.; C. H. D. and Relatives; A. V.; Mrs. C. W. and Family; M. E. McK. and Relatives; G. R. and Relatives; M. E. O'N.; H. A. McE.; R. T. L. and Relatives; J. H.; T. A. C.; R. V. O'K. and Relatives; M. C. D. and Relatives;



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A. E. S.; J. L. and Relatives; E. C.; Relatives of Mrs. A. H.; Relatives of M. F.; The H. Family; A. McS. and Relatives; Relatives of Mrs. J. G.; J. H. and Relatives; K. E. and Relatives; J. M. and A. S.

Deceased: Reverend Friend, 1; Joseph Robbe; Patrick Maloney; Joseph M. Garvey; John D. Browne; Susan D. Browne; Johanna Browne; Katherine Brown; William Browne; Anna C. Browne; Helen Dunlop; Ellen Dunlop; Sarah O'Brien; Michael McCormick, Relatives and Friends; Annie Barry; Michael Barry; Nora Barry;

Catridge Barry; John Barry; Mrs. Edward Barry; Bartholomew Barry; Nance Barry; Nora C. Barry; James Barry; Bernard F. Plasker; Charles P. Flood; Nellie A. Gibbons.

BOOK RECEIVED

Handbook of Notes on Theology—
A handy notebook of ready reference for the priest in the active ministry, containing matters of practical importance and principles which have a direct bearing on the solution of many difficult cases. By Andrew F. Browne, C. SS. R. Published by the Redemptorist Fathers, 1118 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

A SPECIAL OFFER

"This narrative of spiritual progress and missionary activity is set down with true insight and literary grace. There are exquisite human touches, and nowhere is there any straining of the note. One cannot peruse these edifying pages without being moved to add this simple martyr to one's litany of the saints, so convincing, so appealing, is his sanctity."

—The Ave Maria
(See page 228)

IN THANKSGIVING

THE enclosed offering is a thanksgiving for a favor just received. Last week my mother was taken sick, and I promised an offering to your work if she was restored to health. So I am sending you this and hoping you can use it, small as it is.—Cambridge, Mass.

IF YOU HAVE LOVE FOR ONE ANOTHER. — ST. JOHN.

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—*The Evangelist, Albany*

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"The subject of this biography is another one of those who, leaving home and friends, labor among far-off savages to win to God the kingdom of men's souls. His early years were spent as shepherd of his father's flocks, a presage of his life work. . . . A kind teacher, a zealous parish priest, a prudent superior, he won the esteem of all. . . . His work among the natives of Futuna (an island in Oceania) covered the short period of three years; but his endurance of hardships of all kinds, his universal charity, and his joy at the thought of dying for Christ, were the marks of a true apostle. The closing chapter once more assures us that the martyr's blood is the seed of Christians. . . . Catholic libraries especially should not fail to procure this story of a nineteenth-century martyr."

(Regular price, \$1.00)

—*America*

FIELD AFAR OFFICE : MARYKNOLL, N. Y.



A Sister in Borneo

(These illustrations are from
Field Afar Stories, II)

OPEN TO BENEFACTORS

OCCASIONALLY we are asked—usually in view of a Memorial Offering—to give a list of “what Maryknoll needs most.” The answer is difficult, but the adoption of any suggestion mentioned below would be very welcome.

Seminary Library....\$25,000	Mission Catechumenate.....2,000
Seminary Refectory.. 15,000	Mission Dispensary1,500
Seminary Recreation Hall ... 15,000	Native Student Burse ..1,500
Seminary Kitchen ... 10,000	Chapel or Oratory.....1,000
College (Venard) Library..... 10,000	Priest's Room (Seminary or College)..... 800
College (Venard) Science Hall..... 10,000	Student's Room (Seminary) 500
College (Venard) Refectory..... 10,000	One Year's Sponsorship (priest, student, or Brother) 365
College (Venard) Gymnasium 10,000	Cubicle (College) 300
College (Venard) Study Hall..... 8,000	Mission Support (Native Catechist) 180
Missioner Sponsor Foundation..... 8,000	Mission Support (Native Teacher)..... 150
Seminary or College Classroom..... 6,000	Mission Support (Native Seminarian)..... 100
College (Venard) Kitchen..... 6,000	Mission Support (Native Sister) 100
Student Burse (Seminary or College)..... 5,000	Membership* (Maryknoll) Perpetual..... 50
Catechist Burse..... 3,000	Membership (6 Years) 5
Missioner's House or School 2,500	Membership (yearly).. 1

*(Membership includes subscription to *The Field Afar*. Membership with participation in spiritual advantages may be applied to the deceased.)

Address: *The Most Reverend Superior General Maryknoll* -:- *New York*



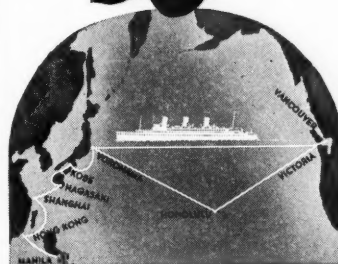
WITHOUT a string, Ah Lee could not fly his many-hued butterfly kite towards the clouds.

But the Maryknoll kite soars far higher in its flights for God and souls when it is *Stringless*. You find this hard to believe, dear reader?

Well, mail an undesigned gift to our hilltop, and we will gladly show you how our stringless kite works.

東方

“To the Orient”
—in Chinese



GO DIRECT TO THE ORIENT

10 DAYS TO YOKOHAMA ... fastest, shortest Pacific crossing ... by the *Empress of Asia* or *Empress of Russia*. Or via Honolulu in 3 days more on the *Empress of Japan* or the *Empress of Canada*.

LOW ALL-YEAR ROUND-TRIP FARES ... First and Tourist Class. Also Third Class. Still lower Summer round-trip fares to the Orient.

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Facilities available for the celebration of Holy Mass.

Special sailings to and from International Eucharistic Congress in Manila, February, 1937.

Also ... low-cost World Tours.

BOOKLETS, information ... from your own travel agent or any Canadian Pacific office: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, and 33 other cities in U.S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

The 1935 Departure Ceremony at Maryknoll

The Maryknoll mission band for 1935 numbers sixteen priests and one Brother. They go to our half dozen missions in Eastern Asia and bring the total of Maryknoll priests and Brothers in the field to 170.

The Departure will take place at 7:00 P.M., Sunday, July 28, in the quadrangle of the Seminary; if the weather permits. We send out no invitations, but we shall welcome you if you wish to attend the very meaningful little ceremony.

Thanks to many of our readers, we are gradually accumulating the passage and incidental expenses for the seventeen. We hope to have five hundred dollars for each, and will be happy to have further additions.



Fr. McClarnon
Philadelphia,
Pa.
(South China)



Fr. McKillop
Brooklyn,
N. Y.
(Japan)



Fr. Powers
West Lynn,
Mass.
(Honolulu)



Fr. Witte
Centerville,
Ind.
(Japan)



Fr. Ziemba
Buffalo,
N. Y.
(Manchukuo)



Fr. Manning
Richmond Hill,
L. I.
(South China)



Fr. Sprinkle
Franklin,
Ohio
(South China)



Fr. Cappel
Norwood,
Ohio
(Korea)

To receive the means to send out the new group is heartening. Our hope now is to sustain them, especially during the year of preparation and of language study on which they will enter almost immediately after their arrival on the other side of the Pacific.

To this end we feel prompted to ask you if you will

Sponsor an Outgoing Apostle

A Sponsor is a friend who will send us each month the support of a Maryknoller for one or more days—if not for the entire month—at one dollar a day.

Sponsors are remembered in over 200 Maryknoll Masses every week.



Fr. Lima
New Bedford,
Mass.
(South China)



Fr. Toomey
Waterbury,
Conn.
(Hong Kong)



Fr. Henry
Boston,
Mass.
(Manchukuo)



Fr. Smith
East Norwalk,
Conn.
(South China)



Fr. Flich
Oswego,
N. Y.
(Manchukuo)



Fr. McLoughlin
Elmhurst, L. I.
(South China)



Fr. Glass
Cresco,
Iowa
(South China)



Bro. Clement
St. Mary's,
Kan.
(Japan)

